

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT — By PAUL BOURGET.

2773



In the next number of

THE LIVING AGE

For Saturday, Sept. 4,



will appear the
first instalment
of - - -

"In Nature's Waggish Mood,"

By PAUL HEYSE.

Translated for The Living Age by HARRIET LIEBER COHEN.

"In Nature's Waggish Mood" is a quaint story, portraying a strange friendship between two contrasting characters who in different ways have experienced nature's caprices, and whose views of life vary widely. The story is thoughtful and suggestive, with a vein of tenderness. It will be completed in six numbers.

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J. C. CROLY (Jennie June),

THE LIVING AGE.

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From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. THE SOUTH AFRICA BUBBLE. By Quæstor,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	563
II. ON CONVERSATION. By James Payn, .	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	576
III. THE BUSHMAN'S FORTUNE. By H. A. Bryden,	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> ,	581
IV. THE RESTORATION OF PAINTINGS. By Maltus Q. Holyoake,	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> ,	589
V. GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. By Paul Courget.	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	592
VI. ENGLISH CLERGY IN FICTION. By C. Fortescue Yonge,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> ,	600
VII. GOLF; ITS PRESENT AND FUTURE.	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	613
VIII. MORALITY IN THIRTY HOURS. By Francisque Sarcey, Translated for the Living Age,	<i>Les Annales</i>	619
IX. THE LATEST ELDORADO,	<i>Saturday Review</i> ,	620
X. ANIMALS IN FAMINE,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	622

POETRY.

THE CRICKET.	562	HEART AND MIND,	562
LUCEN SPERO,	562	EQUATIONS,	562

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THE CRICKET.

Oh, to be a cricket,
That's the thing!
To scurry in the grass
And to have one's sting!
And it's oh, to be a cricket
In the warm thistle-thicket
Where the sun-winds pass,
Winds a-wing,
And the bumble-bees hang humming,
Hum and swing,
And the honey-drops are coming!
It's to be a summer rover,
That can see a sweet, and pick it
With the sting!
Never mind the sting!

And it's oh, to be a cricket
In the clover!
A gay summer rover
In the warm thistle-thicket,
Where the honey-drops are coming,
Where the bumble-bees hang humming—
That's the thing!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS,

LUCEM SPERO.

The land I travel through is dark
With fears, and cares, and shadows;
No sun to wake the singing lark
Or fill with flowers the meadows;
Myself, alas, my only light,
The sun by day, the stars at night.

O God eternal, Lord of love,
Whose power goes forth in pity,
To stir the sleeping fields and move
The clouds from o'er the city,
Breathe on my heart and let me know
The gladness of the way I go.

O let me look on field and sky
In joy and endless wonder,
And love Thee for the lights on high
And flowers that blossom under,
And praise Thee for the fruits of earth
With cheerful toil and kindly mirth.

Teach me to lose myself, and live
In peace with men, their neighbor;
To honor, help, endure, forgive,
And gladly rest and labor:
O touch my heart and string my will,
And all my life with Christ fulfil.

Let echoes of the heavenly praise
Come still through earthly gladness;
The light that lies on lovelier ways
Be but half hid in sadness;
And of Thy grace the unseen power
Lift up with hope my passing hour.
Good Words. ROBERT KEMP.

HEART AND MIND.

If all the dead whom I have known alive
Could rise unsheathed from their every
grave,
What is the question I would first contrive
And which the friend whose answer I
would crave?
Not to the great philosopher or sage
My unreluctant tongue should be untied,
Though in that hour I might believe an
age
Of longing wonder could be satisfied;
Not to the teacher of the ways divine,
Nor preacher of the faith he held on
earth—
These well might follow in an ordered
line
As one by one the mind should give them
birth—
But, searching for one face, the heart
would call,
"Dost thou remember me, my all in all?"

JOHN G. ROMANES.

EQUATIONS.

You so sure the world is full of laughter,
Not a place in it for any sorrow,
Sunshine with no shadow to come after,—
Wait, O mad one, wait until to-morrow!

You so sure the world is full of weeping,
Only gloom in all the colors seven,
Every wind across a new grave creeping,—
Think, O sad one, yesterday was heaven!

Young and strong I went along the high-
way,
Seeking Joy from happy sky to sky:
I met Sorrow coming down a byway,—
What had she to do with such as I?

Sorrow with a slow detaining gesture
Waited for me on the widening way,
Threw aside her shrouding veil and
vesture,—

Joy had turned to Sorrow's self that day.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

From "In Titian's Garden."

From The Contemporary Review.
THE SOUTH AFRICA BUBBLE.

The collapse of the South Africa Committee is not only a fact of imperial importance, but is also a very curious conundrum in contemporary history. The historian of the reign will certainly want to know how it came about that a great investigation begun with such protestations should have ended in a ridiculous *flasco*.

The main points of that part of the history which is already public must be shortly stated in order to make intelligible what requires to be said as regards its more recent and hidden chapters.

The concession of self-government to the Transvaal after the Majuba campaign was gall and wormwood to the whole Tory party. It was part of a policy with which the present colonial secretary was understood to agree. At the time of the advent of the present government to power, there very naturally arose a demand among their followers for what may be roughly called a jingo policy in South Africa. Mr. Rhodes was the premier of the Cape Colony, and had, on the whole, full command of the ministry and the Parliament. A charter had been granted to the British South Africa Company, by which, in consideration of the supposed security for a sane and righteous policy, obtained, by adding to the Board of the Company the Duke of Fife, the Duke of Abercorn, and Earl Grey, powers of government of the most extensive kind were placed in the hands of what was not merely a commercial but actually a speculative ring of capitalists. The supposed securities, on the faith of which that charter had been granted by a previous administration, had been rendered, in fact, nugatory by the internal arrangements of the Company.

Mr. Rhodes had been delegated to conduct their business in South Africa, not merely with the fullest power as a managing director, but actually with a formal power of attorney which made him the absolute master of all the resources, in men, money and influence, which the Company could command in Africa. By this device, magnificent in

its audacious simplicity, he became the emperor of Charterland—the unquestioned master of the obedience of Doctor Jameson, who was the formal administrator, of Dr. Rutherford Harris, who was the company's secretary at Cape Town, and of all the other employés, such as Mr. Stevens, who acted in the absence of Doctor Harris. It happened that, in his private capacity, Mr. Rhodes also controlled other undertakings of great wealth and influence, such as the Goldfields Company.

In the Transvaal Republic, the mixed community of foreigners, for convenience called the Uitlanders, had grown with the growth of the mining industry, and by the summer of 1895 the mushroom city of Johannesburg contained a large and prosperous non-Dutch population.

As early as 1892 they had discussed their grievances against the Boer government, and had formed an association known as the National Union, with the view of obtaining reforms by the usual methods of constitutional agitation from President Krüger and the Raad. The grievances were real and the Boers were obstinate. Moreover, the Boers were in no mind to be dispossessed of the government of their own country by the votes of these immigrants, to whom the Transvaal is merely a sort of gambling-stand, and whom the Boers, rightly or wrongly, credited with as little public spirit and as little morals, commercial or otherwise, as a community can well have. The leading spirit of the Union, in the time preceding the summer of 1895, was one Mr. Charles Leonard, a lawyer, who was making a large income in Johannesburg by his profession, and no doubt intended to make himself a home and a career in that country. He may be described as the Gracchus of the little revolution. He gave evidence before the committee as to the grievances, and he made it clear that before the inception of what is now usually called the Jameson Plan, in the middle of 1895, the capitalists were not particularly interested in the Union. His words were (on May 14, 1897): "Up to 1895, no capitalist was ever seen on our platform; indeed, that was one of our grievances."

He added that in 1893 the capitalists had actually supported President Krüger. The grievances, as he understood them, were not those of the capitalists: they concerned questions such as the franchise, the alleged maladministration and corruption, the danger that the Raad would overrule the high court, the press laws, and, as he put it, "the conferring upon continental people concessions and powers which gave them almost complete control of our destinies."

That these grievances were real, no one doubts; that they were exaggerated, every one except fanatics will admit; but in any case, it is quite certain that they were not of a nature for which the Johannesburg population would have been willing to revolt with arms in their hands; and Mr. Leonard does not appear to suggest that the National Union was or was meant to be a revolutionary body until that eventful date, the summer of 1895. As regards the main point, which was the question of the franchise, it is evident that, although there were many foreigners in the country, they could not in any case receive the franchise without abandoning their nationality and adopting that of the Dutch; and this it is quite certain only a limited proportion of them were prepared to do. After 1895, another set of "grievances" became prominent, the alleged "throttling" of the "mining industry" by the Boer government. It would be easy to show how little there is in it. Many of the mines have done splendidly, and, in any case, it is the right of any government to take any share it thinks expedient in the profits of its mines. The real "grievance" on this side of the matter is, that, as the charges stand, the low-grade mines will not pay. If the charges could be altered, money could be made in these—if not for the shareholder, at least for the promoter. But that is a wide question, and it is not here in point.

It is necessary to add that there had already arisen a certain friction between the government of the Transvaal and the authorities at Downing Street and at the Cape, which culminated in 1895, over what is called the Drifts question. This question was a very petty matter;

at the best, it was in essence a railway war between two rival systems, in one of which the Cape government was interested, while the other belonged to the Transvaal. With the view of forcing the Cape railways into a tariff arrangement which was not in itself very unreasonable, the Transvaal government claimed the right to stop imports into their territory along certain routes. This was alleged by the Cape lawyers to be a breach of the London convention. Perhaps it was. There were, the Cape attorney-general frankly admitted, lawyers of great eminence who took equally strongly the opposite view. As the world now knows, one of the earliest things Mr. Chamberlain did in his tenure of office as colonial secretary, was to make an arrangement with Mr. Rhodes, as Cape premier, by which the expenses of a war with the Transvaal were to be shared between them; and then to deliver to President Krüger a violent ultimatum, such as, it is safe to say, England would never have addressed in the like circumstances to a power of her own size. Whether Mr. Chamberlain meant this to result in the submission of the Transvaal or in a war of conquest, no one knows. In any case the Transvaal submitted, and the war did not come off.

There is little risk of error in the assertion that this and the whole of Mr. Chamberlain's subsequent policy must be looked at in the light of his peculiar personal and political position. He had obtained from his political allies the high post of colonial secretary, and he had undoubtedly insisted very strongly upon having his own way. At the same time, he knew that his political allies, to put it simply, hated him. He is an ambitious man, as all the world knows, and he resolved, not only to dominate, but to conciliate the Tory party. For the latter purpose there could be no better game than to provide the jingoes with some revenge for what they called the shameful surrender after Majuba Hill.

With the character of Mr. Cecil Rhodes we are not for the moment so much concerned; in any case he is pos-

sessed of an imperial imagination, and his dream for years has been the extension of the empire, by fair means or foul, into illimitable territories northwards from the Cape. His jingo friends desire to believe that his actions have been influenced throughout by a mere passion of patriotism. His enemies see in them nothing but a sort of splendid buccaneering. Probably both are wrong. But it matters little, for we are concerned not with his motives but with his acts.

The situation of the Chartered Company at the time in question was, to say the least of it, critical. They had annexed Mashonaland, because there was supposed to be gold there. Finding none or next to none, they had gone on to seize Manicaland in the hope of finding it. There also there was no booty. Then they invaded Matabeleland under circumstances sufficiently disgraceful. Bulawayo at last was to be the El Dorado, but this also turned out to be a vain hope. Now there was nothing left to annex—except the Transvaal itself. That there was gold there, and gold in abundance, all the world knew. If by any means and under any terms the Rand could be annexed to Charterland, the British South Africa Company might see its golden future after all. If this was not possible, it was, and still is, extremely difficult to see how the enormous amount of capital which the public have described to that extraordinary institution is to earn a dividend. That the price of the shares had been inflated to a value altogether ridiculous was an additional reason for a "coup." In this state of circumstances there came about a memorable interview at Cape Town. Some time in May, 1895, Mr. Beit—a young German Jew—who is one of the chiefs of the great financial concern which speculates in London as Wernher, Beit & Co., and in Johannesburg as Eckstein & Co., visited Mr. Rhodes, with whom he had for years been associated in many vast financial schemes. They had a confidential chat about the situation; they were both, it should be

said, directors of the Chartered Company. Mr. Beit was good enough to tell the committee what their talk amounted to. The upshot was that "a rising in Johannesburg would take place sooner or later, and he (Rhodes) then thought, as the Uitlanders were not properly prepared, it might be wise to have a force on the border to assist the people of Johannesburg in case of necessity." It was felt, he went on to say, that a rebellion might take place by the end of the year, and that in that event it would be advisable to send some assistance to Johannesburg, in the shape of an armed force to be sent by the Chartered Company to invade the territory of the Transvaal. Out of this conversation grew up the whole preposterous plan, and it is easy, reading between the lines of Mr. Beit's evidence in the light of subsequent events, to see what the plan was, and to supplement the natural reticence and equivocation of its authors.

From that moment the conspiracy developed with businesslike regularity. The two arch-millionaires evidently concluded that money would do anything, and they had resolved, with singular generosity, to find the money. Mr. Beit, whose confessions so far are much more frank than those of Mr. Rhodes, admits that his firm spent nearly two hundred thousand pounds! Mr. Rhodes owns that he advanced—out of Chartered funds, be it observed, by virtue of his power of attorney—some sixty thousand pounds. If this was all, it was frugal. When the raid failed, and the whole conspiracy was unveiled, Mr. Rhodes paid up that money out of his private purse; but there is not an atom of reason to believe that he originally meant to do so. If the plan had succeeded, and the Chartered Company had come well out of it, the "New Concessions Account" would doubtless be open in the Company's books to this day.

Why was all this money wanted? For two purposes. First, to get up and arm an artificial, in fact, a bogus revolution in the "Gold Reef City." Next, to equip an invading force. The

second was easier than the first; but it required some arrangements. The Charterland did not at that time march with the Transvaal. For a "jumping-off place" a cession of territory in Bechuanaland was required. Dr. Harris was sent home to negotiate this with the Colonial Office. He was to arrange at the same time for the transfer of the Bechuanaland "police"—a mounted force very suitable to form the nucleus of the intended Raid—to the Chartered Company. He succeeded in both projects, and went back to Cape Town in December expressly to be in time for the "flotation." Concurrently, the Johannesburg "Union," with the local Gracchus at its head, was "nobbled" by the capitalists, Mr. Beit taking the initiative. Gracchus was charmed to find that these millionaires, who had hitherto been on the side of Krüger, had seen the error of their ways. It is true they were divided. Misguided persons like Mr. J. B. Robinson were minded to stand in with the government. Many of the Germans, who were a powerful fraction, looked askance on the movement, and evidently suspected from an early period a British coup d'état. But the Boer government did some irritating things, and there was gradually more and more talk of smuggling arms and of resort to force. When Dr. Jameson came upon the scene—*perfevidum ingenium Scotorum*—he overcame all scruples, and extracted from Mr. Leonard and a ring of capitalist nominees, who had become the revolutionary junta for the nonce, the famous "women and children letter." That document, it is safe to say, will live in history as one of the most notable lies on record. Gracchus confessed he did not like it. He signed it in the end—poor fool!—only "in his personal capacity," and not as chairman of the National Union; and he fondly dreamt that Jameson and his chief would not act upon it till he, Gracchus, gave the final word. It was undated, and an undated cheque, of course, would not be honored till the date was filled in. It evidently never occurred to him that those honorable

men, the Premier of Cape Colony and the Administrator of Charterland, were capable of filling in that date behind his back and in face of his agonized protests. And yet that was, as we all know, what happened when the administrator read the letter movingly to his troops, and induced them on the strength of it to "ride in," and when the premier and privy councillor cabled his copy promptly to the *Times*, with the dates arranged to suit.

This, however, is hardly the immediate question. It is only necessary to recall the shoddy history of this conspiracy, because at an early stage Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Chamberlain, the *Times*, and the whole jingo party created an heroic myth about it, which, by reason of their peculiar command of the London press, has been well hammered into the public mind. Until the telegrams and papers seized by the Transvaal government on the field of battle were given to the world, and until the inquiry ordered by the Cape Parliament had brought out, in a fashion which could not be gainsaid, the more obvious facts and inferences concerning the miserable story, the average Londoner and the average Tory M. P. actually believed that Jameson was a heroic man who went in to save British women and children from unprovoked Boer outrages; and that the Johannesburg people had risen in despair and suddenly called him to their aid. That he—or his financial chiefs—had got up the scheme of a "rising" in cold blood and with Stock Exchange money; that the mass of the people of Johannesburg no more wanted to "rise" than the people of Whitechapel or Bradford; that even the junta organized by Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit had retracted the undated "invitation" into which they had been cajoled, and were moving heaven and earth to keep the "hero" quiet in his tent, are new lights which are hardly realized even yet. But these things have been made so far clear before, and during the proceedings of the South Africa Committee, that we may assume that the "interim report" which it has suddenly

resolved to present will either declare or assume them. In the course of its proceedings, however, another and a far deeper question has come to the front. And it is because it has come to the front, and because certain members of the committee, and a certain section of opinion outside, refused to let it alone, that the committee has suddenly dropped the whole inquiry, just at the crisis of its interest. Whether it will be possible to gag those who know the inner facts remains to be seen. But it is very necessary to say at once a few things which are not, at present, as well known or as much pondered as they ought to be by those who care for the honor or even the interests of England.

From the very first, it was believed in many quarters, both here and in South Africa and on the Continent, that Mr. Chamberlain (to use the current and expressive phrase) was "in it." It has been persistently suggested by Rhodesian organs as well as by anti-English opinion abroad. It was made clear by the Transvaal telegrams and the evidence at the Cape inquiry, that many of the Johannesburgers had only joined on the faith of an express pledge that the moment they "rose" the imperial high commissioner would arrive and would throw over them the ægis of the empire, under the decorous formula of a proposal for "arbitration," to issue in "a plébiscite." It is not denied now that Mr. Rhodes gave this pledge, and even that he had talked in some veiled way to the high commissioner about it. It is merely said that the high commissioner did not understand the Cape premier to ask, and did not himself understand that he was giving, any such pledge as Mr. Rhodes passed on to the conspirators, and that the high commissioner remained till the end in blissful ignorance that any such "rising" was in preparation. It is now known, though it was even at the time of the Cape inquiry a deadly secret, that Sir Graham Bower, the secretary and the responsible colonial informant and adviser of the high commissioner, had in fact

been taken into the whole secret, on the cool understanding that he would betray his duty and conceal that knowledge from his chief. We have no adjective quite suitable for such transactions, for they are happily unusual in England. The French would call them *inqualifiable*. It is well to add that Mr. Newton, the magistrate at Mafeking and an imperial officer, was also let into the secret, and that Mr. Rhodes' colleagues in the Cape Cabinet were carefully hoodwinked and deceived until the deed was done.

But what of the Colonial Office itself? The first fact that appeared was that, as soon as Dr. Jameson had actually "ridden in," the colonial secretary cabled to Mr. Rhodes a furious telegram actually threatening the revocation of the charter. It further appeared, on the Cape inquiry and otherwise, that this thunderbolt took Mr. Rhodes altogether by surprise. He evidently did not expect the home government to take any such decisive ground against him, and, according to his colleague, Mr. Schreiner, who alone saw him at that moment, it cast him into an unusually despondent mood. It was not, be it said by the way, enough to change the purposes of the would-be Napoleon. He refused to move a finger to recall Jameson or to help the high commissioner, who, on orders from home, was making a forlorn attempt to save the situation. Mr. Rhodes considered of course, as he has often said, that if Dr. Jameson could win, it would be all right. He had reason, no doubt, for that belief.

Dr. Jameson failed. He failed, not by misadventure, but by condign folly. The military conduct of the expedition was absurd. The hanging about in the neighborhood of Krugersdorp is to this moment as unexplained as the act of a lunatic; for Sir John Willoughby's version of the famous letter is plainly refuted, not only by the evidence of those who wrote it, but still more by the piecing together of the fragments which remain. But let that pass. The raid failed, anyhow. Johannesburg never really "rose" at all. The popu-

lace, including the Cornish miners, either ignored it, or flatly refused to rise for the amusement of the capitalists. The "Union" made terms with Krüger, and Jameson surrendered.

It was necessary for Mr. Chamberlain, of course, to take a line. He did it with his accustomed vigor. He declared that neither he nor the Colonial Office, nor the Cape authorities, nor Mr. Rhodes, were in any way to blame. They were, one and all, as innocent as babes. It was the headlong impetuosity of Dr. Jameson, inflamed by the nameless wickedness of the Boer government, which had done the mischief. Nothing could be more satisfactory, if only it were true. The House and the country received the strong assurance with acclamation, and Mr. Chamberlain's reputation went up with a bound.

That it was not true as regards Mr. Rhodes speedily became plain, though the government press as well as the other Rhodesian organs tried for a long time to throw dust in the eyes of the public. At last they have come down to this: that Mr. Rhodes and the "Chartered Magnates" were cognizant of "the Jameson Plan," but were quite innocent of "the Jameson Raid" because Doctor Jameson rode in, we are asked to suppose, on a day which his chief did not altogether approve. To those who know the real story of the telegrams preceding the start, this is trivial enough; but the guilt of Mr. Rhodes and of Mr. Beit and Lord Grey and Doctor Harris and the whole inner ring of the Chartered Company is less important now than the guilt or innocence of the Colonial Office. Mr. Chamberlain spoke bravely of the innocence of the Colonial Office, as he did of the innocence of the Cape premier. Was it with equal reason? This is, undoubtedly, the next question which the committee exists to solve, and it is, strangely enough, the one question the committee shirks.

Since the famous interview between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Rhodes, which was followed by the abrupt departure of the gentleman who had

sworn "to face the music," London society and the Smoking-room of the House of Commons have been full of strange rumors. Rumors, of themselves, are vain. But the odd thing about these rumors is their source. Undoubtedly they are Rhodesian rumors. All the organs of the Rhodes party, beginning with Mr. Stead and ending with the *Daily News*, are clear that Mr. Chamberlain was "in it." Mr. Hawkesley, the confidential lawyer of the group, has never wavered in public or in private from the same assertion. There are other stories of startling detail. Here is one. A Conservative of the highest honor and standing, whose word no one would dream of disputing, was travelling at the Cape and saw Mr. Rhodes. They discussed the matter freely, and Mr. Rhodes told him plainly that Chamberlain was in it up to the hilt. On that authority, the member saw Lord Salisbury and was ultimately confronted with the colonial secretary. "Who told you I was in it?" said the minister. "Rhodes himself," said the critic. We omit the reply.

But the theory was started that this Rhodesian cry was a piece of black-mail; and so it may have been, in its way. It was alleged by those who were supporting the government that Mr. Rhodes and his friends were not to be credited because they were endeavoring to use private information in order to secure from the Colonial Office in future better terms in South Africa. It is no part of the purpose of the present writer to defend Mr. Rhodes, still less to defend Dr. Rutherford Harris. There is apparently some reason to believe that threats of disclosure may have all along been used, not only by Mr. Rhodes' subordinates, but by himself, for the purpose of obtaining terms from the colonial secretary. As a matter of evidence, however, this makes the question, as it concerns Mr. Chamberlain's complicity, not better but worse. Unless the Rhodesian party had something to reveal, they would hardly be so insane as to use threats of revelation; and unless they

supposed that that revelation would be a very serious matter for the colonial secretary, they could not suppose that the threat would have any other effect than to make him angry. And Mr. Chamberlain is not a man whom one can anger with impunity.

This consideration opens out the question on which the South African committee has come to grief. It is a question of vital importance not merely to the personal reputation of Mr. Chamberlain, but to the reputation of the empire. If the Rhodesian account be true or anything like the truth, Mr. Chamberlain's original statement to the country was a piece of scandalous mendacity. Further, if the Rhodesian statement be at all true, the whole Colonial Office, including Mr. Chamberlain, had at least sufficient warning to put any business man upon his guard as to the whole conspiracy against the Transvaal government which is called the Jameson Raid. And yet they completed the arrangement for the cession to the Chartered Company of the jumping-off ground on the Transvaal frontier, and for the transfer of armed men which provided Doctor Jameson with a sufficient force at that point for the dash into the Transvaal which was to follow the announcement of the bogus insurrection. The question therefore comes to be: Is the Rhodesian suggestion that Mr. Chamberlain was "in it" a very wicked lie, or is there ground for it?

In the early days of the South Africa Committee there was an absolute silence about the whole of this part of the case. Mr. Chamberlain made no statement; Mr. Rhodes' statement was silent as to his relations with the Colonial Office. He owned up merely to what had been already proved by the Cape inquiry. He was forced to confess that he had tampered with Sir Graham Bower and Mr. Newton. He left it to be inferred that the high commissioner knew there was likely to be trouble in Johannesburg and knew that there was a force on the border. Beyond that Mr. Rhodes did not choose to go, and there was not at that mo-

ment in the possession of the committee any of the material to cross-examine him further. Mr. Chamberlain, who must have known what the Rhodesians were saying as to himself, did not think fit to say a word to Mr. Rhodes about it when he had him in the chair. The arrangement, in fact, as to Mr. Rhodes' examination is one of the most significant things in the history of that extraordinary tribunal.

If the government, who must be presumed to have known what Mr. Chamberlain knew, desired that this investigation should reveal to Parliament the truth which Parliament had a right to know, they would have themselves called for and compelled the production of all the cablegrams which have been produced, and also all those which are not yet produced, before Mr. Rhodes or any other of the principal actors were allowed to leave the witness-box. If they had been so minded they would have required Mr. Chamberlain, at an early stage, to put, at least, the committee in possession of what he knew as to the communications between Doctor Harris and the Colonial Office in 1895, and to produce the communications which the Colonial Office had had with South Africa during the period in question. Not one of these things was done. The government and Mr. Chamberlain preferred a policy of silence. Their majority on the committee and, above all, their chief law officer, Sir Richard Webster, have, in fact, done everything in their power to hinder or, at least, to delay the production of this vital documentary evidence, with the result that the most important part of it is not to be produced at all; and that what was produced did not reach the hands of the committee until practically everybody who could be usefully examined upon it had passed out of the witness-box and been released. From a constitutional point of view, apart from the question of imperial honor, it may be doubted whether such a scandal ever happened in the history of Parliament before. To such a pitch has Mr. Chamberlain carried the policy of silence that he concealed, until it

was dragged out of him across the table at the committee by an express challenge from Sir William Harcourt, the fact that he had seen the important series of telegrams which all the world is now discussing as long ago as June, 1896, when, as we now know from Mr. Hawkesley, they were formally communicated to the Colonial Office. Once he had been driven to confess that fact, it was obviously necessary for Mr. Chamberlain to explain it. He has given his explanation. He maintains that neither he nor the Colonial Office had, in fact, received any of those previous intimations which the Rhodesians say they had given to it. He avers that when he first heard of the cablegrams in February, 1896, he did not attach any importance to them, and that when they were ultimately shown to him on June 6, 1896, he returned them with the statement that he had no objection to their publication.

The last phrase indicates, and was no doubt meant by Mr. Chamberlain to indicate, that the Rhodesians were threatening him with publication as the means of making the government modify its policy in their favor. He has not put that to any of the Rhodesians in the box; but it seems to be assumed on all hands that this was so. Mr. Chamberlain, therefore, practically says, even before his first interview with Mr. Rhodes, when that gentleman came home to face the music, and again at later dates, the Rhodesians have tried this blackmailing policy, and that he has defied it. This may, of course, be strong evidence against the theory that the Colonial Office can be fairly charged with any complicity at all. It may, however, also mean that Mr. Chamberlain finds it better, in the difficult circumstances of the case, to face the necessity of explaining compromising documents rather than purchase their concealment. Even on the theory that the Colonial Office was compromised, this is no doubt what any man as bold and able as the colonial secretary would elect to do.

Now let us go back to the Rhodesian story itself. We have it in various

forms. There are the relations old and new of Mr. Stead. These are plainly inspired from Rhodesian sources, but they are colored by Mr. Stead's personality, and must for judicial purposes be laid aside. We must also put aside the stories, such as that related above, which are notoriously current both in the House of Commons and elsewhere. Then there is the evidence of Doctor Harris. No fair critic will say that Doctor Harris is unimpeachable; but he was the agent through whom Mr. Rhodes acted, and he was in fact his envoy at the Colonial Office during the whole of these critical months. His evidence, if it is true, is frank enough. We know, apart from any question about Doctor Harris's veracity, that he wired in the latter part of 1895 not once or twice, but frequently, to Mr. Rhodes, to the effect that he had communicated their projects—that is, the Jameson Plan—more or less fully to the Colonial Office. The telegram, for instance, in which he says, "I have spoken openly to Fairfield," admits of only two interpretations; either it meant that he had caused Mr. Fairfield to understand the main outlines of the Jameson Plan or that he was calmly manufacturing a deliberate lie. People must, in the absence of further information, form their own opinion as to which is the more likely theory.

The telegrams already published show that this remark was not a chance one. It is admitted on all hands that Doctor Harris had received authority from his chief to disclose the plot to the Colonial Office if he found it desirable. It is very difficult to suppose that officers so well informed as Mr. Fairfield and the other official chiefs—who had in their immediate recollection such instances as the very serious situation in 1894, of which the Jameson Plan was a kind of improved and enlarged edition—can have been blind to the possibility that something of the kind was in the air, when all the negotiations with Doctor Harris were going on in the summer and autumn of 1895. Doctor Harris maintains that he made clear to Mr. Fairfield what the

scheme really meant. Mr. Chamberlain rejoins that Mr. Fairfield was deaf. Doctor Harris says that he made allusion to the matter to Mr. Chamberlain himself. Mr. Chamberlain says that if that is true he failed to hear or to understand.

But the important point in such a controversy is to find what independent documents exist by which it may be possible to test the accuracy of the personal recollections of the parties concerned. The documents which the Opposition members have in the end obtained certainly *appear* to support the statement of Doctor Harris. They do not read like an attempt to manufacture evidence against the Colonial Office. They read naturally enough as the rough reports made by an agent to his chief from day to day. The Colonial Office has chosen to conceal its own documents bearing on the matter; but since one or two of Mr. Fairfield's letters have been used on incidental points, we may infer that there is much written matter which Mr. Chamberlain *might* disclose if he thought fit—unless, of course, he chooses to allege that there are "reasons of State" against disclosing it. If he takes that line, hostile critics at home and abroad will be inclined to imagine that the documents, if disclosed, would support the Rhodesian account. Meanwhile, we must form the best judgment we can, without the help even of the communications between the high commissioner and the government, and without any statement from the high commissioner himself. The best available evidence is the series of cablegrams which passed between the members of the Chartered group; they are at least a contemporary account of the negotiations, and, if we had them all, they ought to tell, one way or another, a good deal of the story.

By a curious chance it has happened that the most important section of this very series of cablegrams was not procured from the Telegraph Company. What happened was this. The Opposition members of the committee insisted at the very commencement of

the proceedings that the committee should direct the Telegraph Company not to destroy the cables. For this purpose they described the messages they might want as accurately as in the absence of exact knowledge they could. It chanced that some of the most important had for accidental reasons travelled by a different route, and were not, therefore, comprised in the exact description given. All these were destroyed by the company long before the committee in its wisdom saw fit to call for production. They would be now lost forever but for the fact that copies of them were actually preserved by Mr. Rhodes and his solicitor, Mr. Hawkesley, for the purpose of making good their position in relation to the Colonial Office, if the occasion should arise. It is admitted on all hands that these cablegrams—which are included in the series communicated in June to the Colonial Office—are considered by Mr. Hawkesley as proving that the Colonial Office was cognizant of the plan. Mr. Chamberlain affects to treat them lightly. It is the more significant that he concealed entirely the fact that he had ever seen them, until he was forced to admit it, and that he must be held responsible for the amazing action of the majority of the committee in declining to use the force of Parliament to compel production, now that it is refused. Mr. Chamberlain's finesse, in fact, is responsible for a good deal of the suspicion which now rests upon the empire and upon himself. At this point, however, we must turn back for a moment to state some facts which ought to be known to the public as to this extraordinary phase of the proceedings of the committee.

It will be remembered that on February 19th of this year, Sir William Harcourt asked Mr. Rhodes whether the telegrams not produced at the Cape inquiry, because they were then in England in the custody of Doctor Harris, might be produced at the committee. Mr. Rhodes declined, by the simple statement that they were "of a confidential nature" and should not be produced "at that stage of the inquiry."

The legal advisers of the government and the majority of the committee—marvellous as it now seems—insisted that the mere statement that such documents were “confidential” made them privileged against the call of Parliament. So it came about that Mr. Rhodes was allowed to depart without being asked to produce any of these important cables. He was never asked as to the copies he had actually sent six months before to the Colonial Office, for the simple reason that that fact was not known at that time to the Opposition members, and that Mr. Chamberlain chose to hold his tongue. When, after long pressure and against the strenuous resistance of the attorney-general, the Opposition members succeeded in getting at the cables which remained in the possession of the Telegraph Company, their contents made it more than ever clear that an honest verdict could not be given until the gaps were filled up. They then pressed the committee to call Mr. Hawkesley, in order that inquiry might be made into these very documents. The majority of the committee, in plain English, evaded the demand. The result was that Mr. Labouchere, at the end of the examination of Doctor Harris, deliberately forced their hand by exercising his right to move, while the press and the public were in the room, “that Mr. Hawkesley be now called to produce the cablegrams he showed to Mr. Chamberlain.” The government supporters were furious. They cleared the room to discuss the matter, and they denounced Mr. Labouchere in no measured terms, knowing well, of course, that he had not only intended to force their hands, but had succeeded in doing so. The discussion in the committee, however, was cut short by the secretary for the colonies. He declared, we believe we are accurate in stating, that this was a plot against him, and that Mr. Labouchere and certain Opposition journals were endeavoring to hold him up to odium by reason of the concealment of these papers. He, therefore, asked his own side to let

the matter go; and it was decided accordingly that Mr. Hawkesley must be called upon to give the papers up.

Mr. Hawkesley, as all the world knows, considered himself bound by Mr. Rhodes’s instructions to refuse and take his chance of going to the Clock Tower. Thereupon, according to the unwritten law of Parliament, he ought undoubtedly to have been reported to the House, in order that compulsory measures might be taken to see that the commands of the highest court in the empire were not defied. Let it be said at once that the person upon whom pressure was required was not Mr. Hawkesley. He was willing enough—it might seem even anxious—that the documents should be disclosed. All the world knows that he believes and says that Mr. Chamberlain was “in it,” and that he considers, that in the public interest and that of all parties concerned, it is better that the truth should be known. It is more than probable that he so advised Mr. Rhodes from the beginning, and that he has had much to do with the partial disclosures which have taken place. The person, therefore, upon whom Parliament has to exercise its power, and who is, in fact, defying it, is Mr. Rhodes himself, who, though he chances to be at a distance, remains not merely a subject of the queen, but a privy councillor. There are many sufficient ways of compelling his obedience.

On the question of the previous demand for cables, the attorney-general had in the committee used every argument he could think of to resist an order on the Telegraph Company for production. He had been beaten from point to point; and every question of principle, on which the disclosure of the Hawkesley telegrams could possibly be resisted, had already been decided by the committee. Nevertheless, after Mr. Hawkesley had stated that he held the documents for Mr. Rhodes, with orders not to produce them, the government resisted the conclusion that Mr. Hawkesley must be called

upon to obey. The attorney-general, to do him justice, had already pointed out that Mr. Hawkesley could have no further privilege than Mr. Rhodes had. And Mr. Hawkesley, to do him justice also, had frankly admitted that Mr. Rhodes could allege no ground of privilege at all.

What was the result? The story will hardly be believed, and yet it is true. The Opposition members of the committee had been meeting, of course, from time to time to consider their action. Upon this question they were agreed. At a meeting, we believe in Sir William Harcourt's room, upon one of these eventful days, they declared loudly, and none more loudly than Sir William Harcourt himself, that the attempt on the government side to keep back the cablegrams was scandalous and intolerable, and that their production must be forced. To the amazement of at least certain members on that side of the committee, when the committee met to consider as to reporting Mr. Hawkesley's refusal to the House, Sir William Harcourt declared for the opposite course. The ostensible argument was that to take proceedings upon Mr. Hawkesley's, or rather Mr. Rhodes's, defiance of the committee, would involve delay, and that it was extremely important to present a report upon the raid immediately. It was answered that this, to put it plainly, was nonsense, since there was nothing to prevent the committee from reporting on the raid, after having invited the House to deal with Mr. Hawkesley, or with those behind him. Resistance, however, was useless. The proposal that Mr. Hawkesley should be reported only secured, as has been already stated in the *Times*, two votes—those of Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Blake. Others, such as Mr. Sydney Buxton, remained puzzled. It was clear that the government had suddenly, by some means unknown, secured the support of Sir William Harcourt, and presumably his more official colleagues, to the policy of silence. An attempt, we believe, was even made to

pass the matter over without a formal division recording the names of those who voted. The committee clerk, however, was demanded and sent for, and the names were taken down.

Then came a still more audacious coup. It was obvious to all the world that Mr. Hawkesley's examination was not concluded. It was admitted by everybody that certain members of the committee had not yet had an opportunity of exercising their obvious and parliamentary right to cross-examine an important witness called before a committee of the House. The government, however, with the astounding support of the Opposition Front Bench, resolved that this also was inexpedient, and the motion that Mr. Hawkesley should go back into the box, in order that his cross-examination might be completed, was lost. The same two gentlemen alone voted for it.

Now let us see for a moment what Mr. Hawkesley had to say. There is not the slightest indication in his evidence that he is concealing anything from the committee, and no one appears to allege that he is anything but an honorable and truthful person. He told the committee, on May 25, quite frankly, that when Mr. Rhodes came to England "to face the music," in the first days of February, 1896, he instantly saw him, and as they travelled together from Plymouth to London, on the very day of the great man's arrival, a conversation of the utmost importance took place. It may be that Mr. Rhodes was complaining that the Colonial Office was dealing hardly with him, considering the communications that had passed beforehand. Probably the Colonial Office, under the circumstances, could not help itself, in view of the international situation which then existed; but let that pass. We have it from Mr. Hawkesley that Mr. Rhodes told him then about these cables which he had received from England in 1895. He evidently said that he had been by these cables assured that the Colonial Office was "in it." He told Mr. Hawkesley, to use the

careful language of that solicitor, that these cables "had been considered by him and communicated by him to others," "that they had been acted upon," "that he had used them"—as supporting his action—"and had communicated them to those whom it concerned." In point of fact, Mr. Hawkesley makes it clear that in the train from Plymouth Mr. Rhodes assured him, not that he held possible blackmailing documents, but that he had documents on the faith of which he, Mr. Rhodes, had secured the co-operation of various persons in the Jameson Plan, *because* these documents made it clear to the persons in question—and, presumably, to Mr. Rhodes himself—that the Colonial Office was cognizant of what was going on. It is not probable, in any view, that Mr. Rhodes was lying to his solicitor. It is, to say the least, improbable that when he made this communication he was telling of things which he and his agents had deliberately faked up in order to defraud third parties into a belief that the Colonial Office was cognizant of plans which had never been in any way disclosed to them. Even Mr. Rhodes's worst enemies will hardly think him capable of that. It would be at least as foolish as it would be criminal, and it is wholly inconsistent with the general facts of the situation. Some other explanation must be found.

Now the missing cables are undoubtedly the most important part of the communications referred to in the conversation disclosed by Mr. Hawkesley. It is for that very reason that Mr. Hawkesley speaks of it. The case, however, does not stop there. Mr. Hawkesley goes on with equal frankness to say that he thereupon advised Mr. Rhodes to communicate these cables to the Colonial Office. What this meant is plain. It meant that as Mr. Rhodes was about to have his decisive interview with Mr. Chamberlain as to the consequences of the raid and its collapse, he should first of all explain to Mr. Chamberlain that the communications in question, suggesting the previous knowledge of the Colonial Office,

were not merely in Mr. Rhodes's possession, but had, as a matter of fact, been used to obtain the support of other persons in Africa. This was not necessarily blackmail. If we assume for the moment that the Colonial Office was "in it," it was sufficiently proper that they should be told at once that others—say, for example, some of the Johannesburgers and all the military officers that accompanied Jameson—had been induced to go into this eminently risky enterprise by the knowledge that Mr. Chamberlain was cognizant of what was going on. As a matter of fact, everybody understands that Sir John Willoughby and the other officers holding the queen's commission were induced to enter the Transvaal on the theory that the queen's government did not object, and that strong representations have since been made that on that account it was unjust to deprive them of their commissions.

The result of the conversation in the train was curious and interesting. By his chief's authority, Mr. Hawkesley at once saw Mr. Fairfield, with whom he was on personal terms. What passed is not a matter of recollection, because he produces two letters which make it clear. He told Mr. Fairfield that some of his "various clients" had "sent telegrams, about Mr. Chamberlain or the Office," to the Cape, and that something which Mr. Chamberlain and the Office were "supposed to have said" had reached five or more persons supposed to be important. Mr. Fairfield communicated this to Sir R. Meade, and they both agreed that they must tell Mr. Chamberlain. He asked for copies of the telegrams and for information as to how much of the contents of these telegrams had "reached the five, or whatever number it was, and if so, whether it was in substance or in words." Mr. Fairfield also adds this careful phrase: "He does not recollect saying anything anent the insurrection which was supposed to have been impending which he would greatly care about if it became public." These are Mr. Fairfield's words. It seems obvious that they implied that the Colonial

Office had supposed a revolution to be impending, and that Mr. Chamberlain himself had said something about it which might have been communicated in the way Mr. Hawkesley alleged. All it asserts is that Mr. Chamberlain would not *greatly care* if anything he had said in that line were made public. Mr. Hawkesley's reply is equally interesting. He relieved Mr. Chamberlain's mind about the existence of other documents by the statement that all "the information given to the people in Johannesburg had been oral." Thereby we learn that apart from the military officers, or any other persons who may have been pacified by information about the attitude of the Colonial Office, such information had actually been used to help to raise the bogus insurrection. Mr. Hawkesley, evidently under further instructions from Mr. Rhodes, elected to drop the discussion at that point. He did so with another significant phrase: "Mr. C. knows what I know, and can shape his course with this knowledge." As to what that meant, we shall be better able to form our opinion when we see the cables themselves.

The matter was revived in May. Apparently it must have been revived in some connection with the question, what was to be done about the officers and their commissions. The evidence so far given does not give us any clear light as to the exact circumstances under which the copies were ultimately asked for, and sent to Mr. Chamberlain on June 6 by Mr. Hawkesley. The fact that by the highly irregular action of Mr. Chamberlain and his friends the opportunity for cross-examining Mr. Hawkesley was refused, precludes the public for the present from inquiring further into this interesting point. We do know that, after the officers had been sentenced, Mr. Hawkesley prepared a statement to the War Office, which is in evidence, in which it was directly stated, on the honor of Sir John Willoughby, that he and his officers were induced to ride in by being informed "that the steps are taken

with the knowledge and assent of the Imperial Authorities." We can only presume that Mr. Hawkesley considered that the copy cables he had submitted to the Colonial Office at an earlier stage tended in the same direction. Whether the sending of them is to be considered as a general "black-mailing" effort to obtain terms by a threat of publication, or as a legitimate effort to show the government that their alleged dabbling in the business had led others into it, the result is the same. If there was really no foundation for the charge, Mr. Hawkesley and the whole group were guilty of incredible stupidity. *Quis credat?*

One word only need be added upon another branch of the same subject. It concerns Miss Flora Shaw. She was, as we all know, a habituée of the Colonial Office. She had the run of it, as the Colonial authority on the *Times*. She was also deep in the Rhodesian ring, and was beyond doubt personally devoted to Mr. Rhodes. She knew, she says, what Doctor Harris knew. She also communicated her views directly and indirectly to her chief at the Cape. It is needless to repeat the well-known and somewhat comic references to her in the published cables. It is sufficient to say that they indicate that it was fully supposed in the group of which she formed part that the Colonial Office was neither ignorant or hostile. The extraordinary telegram of Doctor Harris, "I have already sent Flora to convince J. Chamberlain support *Times* newspaper," has not so far been seriously explained by anybody. Yet it must have had a reason at the time. Probably it meant "to convince him of the support of the *Times*." If so, it is a pretty item. Miss Shaw herself stated in reply to Mr. Labouchere that in her remarkable cablegrams as to the expediency of hurrying up the revolution, she "could not" have said that the Colonial Office thought it desirable that it should come off at once, because she did not know it. But she added, "I could have said that probably if it was to happen *they would like it soon*." Her

position in the matter remains somewhat enigmatical, but it will hardly be suggested by any one that it is likely that she would have been a party to mislead persons in South Africa by false information as to the attitude of Mr. Chamberlain.

The position, then, stands thus. The Colonial Office conceals its own documents. From none of its officials, have we had any detailed or frank statement as to their relations to South African affairs during the critical period. The high commissioner himself has not been examined. Mr. Rhodes has been allowed to go without any serious inquiry into this branch of the case. The most important cables are refused by Mr. Rhodes's order, and the committee decline to exercise their power to compel the production of them. The story, in fact, so far as it concerns this question of the truth or falsity of the allegation that Mr. Chamberlain was "in it," is being smothered up, with an audacious disregard of the principles which guide all ordinary tribunals. The last steps in this proceeding have been taken with the direct assent of the leader of the Opposition. Everybody, therefore, is inquiring what reason can have induced Sir William Harcourt to execute this startling change of front.

There is only one reason that can, with any probability, be assigned—that is, that some member of the government has made a "Front Bench communication" to the leader of the Opposition, indicating to him explicitly that there are "reasons of State" for stopping the disclosures. There can be little doubt that this is what has happened, and conjecture, not only in this country but elsewhere, will naturally be keen to know what the nature of this momentous disclosure was.

If Mr. Chamberlain was as absolutely free from knowledge of the Jameson plan as he has professed to be, it is hard to see how full disclosure could do any damage to the empire, or could do anything but good to the colonial secretary himself. Mr. Chamber-

lain, of course, professes in words his private desire that everything should come out. He has not, however, assisted in the attainment of that result. The consequence is that a national and international question of very grave importance has arisen. It is said, in circles usually well informed, that when the raid occurred, it became necessary to give assurances to foreign governments, and in particular to Germany, that the queen's government was in no way compromised. These assurances, it is said, were given. It is even said that they were given expressly in the name of the queen. Something of this kind may well have happened; but it is hard to see how, if it did happen, and if the Colonial Office was as innocent as it claims to be, the disclosure of the facts can do anything but confirm the queen's word.

That documents exist which are supposed to be compromising, and which the very authors of them allege to be compromising, is a fact past hiding. It casts, unless it is cleared up, a damning doubt. Therefore it would appear to be the duty of all honest men, and, above all, of the Parliament of Great Britain, to see that an immediate end is put to a policy which may be aptly described as "thimble-rigging," and that the truth, whether it suits Mr. Rhodes or Mr. Chamberlain, or neither of them, must be told at last.

This is a high question of privilege, and the whole House is concerned in it. It is for the House to act.

QUERITOR.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.
ON CONVERSATION.

The art of conversation has suffered in England from the example of its most famous professor. Dr. Johnson understood it theoretically, but even so only to a limited extent. He was supposed to form his view of it in accordance with the rule of Bacon.

In all kinds of speech, whether pleasant, grave, severe, or ordinary, it is convenient to speak leisurely, and rather drawlingly than hastily, because hasty speech confounds the memory, and oftentimes, besides the unseemliness, drive a man either to stammering, or nonplus, or harping on that which should follow; whereas a slow speech conformeth the memory, addeth a conceit of wisdom to the hearers, besides a seemliness of speech and countenance.

This does not strike one as a model for him who would be either brilliant or agreeable, and excludes naturalness, which is one of the greatest charms of conversation.

That Johnson did not slavishly follow Bacon's precept is very certain. So far from being "leisurely," he jumped down the throats of all who disagreed with him. "You may be good-natured, sir," said Boswell, with unusual spirit, "but you are not good-humored (which the doctor had just plumed himself on being). I believe you would pardon your opponents if they had time to deprecate your vengeance; but punishment follows so quick after sentence that they cannot escape." The idea of his ever being at a nonplus is ridiculous indeed, though he was sometimes at a loss for a repartee from sheer indignation. The rights of his little passage of arms with Adam Smith are much disputed. That he remarked: "You are a liar," seems tolerably certain, but whether the other philosopher did retort in the quite unprintable and by no means pertinent words that are attributed to him is doubtful. At all events, the whole affair was not a good example of polite conversation. Johnson's great mistake was in confounding it with monologue. "We had good talk this evening," he said on one occasion, when returning from a party where scarcely any one had been able to get a word in edgeways except himself. If he had said: "I had good talk," the observation would have been faultless, but of conversation such as he sincerely believed had taken place there had been none. He could define it of course as he could everything

else, and sometimes affected to despise it. When Boswell asked him, in his importunate fashion, what was the use of meeting people at dinner, where no one ever said anything worth remembering, "Why, to eat and drink together," replied the Doctor, "and to promote kindness; and, sir, this is better done when there is no solid conversation; for when there is, people differ in opinion and get into bad humor, or some of the company are left out and feel themselves uneasy; it was for this reason that Sir Robert Walpole said he always talked indecencies at his own table, because in them all could join." It is certain that this was the kind of conversation most in vogue with our ancestors, and in "the good old times," such as the days of chivalry, there was probably little else.

Later on, and even to some extent today, the essence of good conversation was thought to be contest. Even that graceful-minded and sweet tempered writer, Robert Louis Stevenson, falls into the error when discoursing on this subject. With Johnson, opposition was the very salt of life, and his best sayings were evoked by it. When ill one day and unable to exert himself, on Burke's name being mentioned, he suddenly exclaimed: "That fellow calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now it would kill me."

Antagonism of all kinds is, however, inimical to social enjoyment, and even argument should be employed but sparingly. The object of good conversation is not to convince—we are not pleading at the bar, or preaching in the pulpit—but to exchange ideas, expressed in the most attractive form, to amellate, to interest, or to amuse. It is a mistake to suppose that a change of society is necessary for its enjoyment. When friends are found to our mind, we do not tire of their talk. It is not likely, though it is quite possible, that a stranger may be an acquisition, and a company of intelligent persons who meet one another are independent of recruits.

Goldsmith, who never wrote a fool-

ish thing and seldom said a wise one, thought differently; he expressed a wish for some additional members to be added to the Literary Club, "For there can be now," he said, "nothing new among us; we have travelled over one another's minds;" to which Johnson calmly but confidently observed: "Sir, you have not travelled over *my* mind, I promise you." The Doctor, of course, was so exceptionally gifted that it was a treat to listen to him, if a man were content to deprive himself of the right of reply; but he had no notion of the "give and take," without which there is no social intercourse.

A good talker should be a good listener, though also capable of cutting short a bore; he should be appreciative of the remarks of others, and never influenced by that vulgar rivalry that causes some men to strive for the mastery in anecdote—the "capping" of stories, as old writers term it. Anecdotes, however apt and witty, are, after all, a form of monologue, and should be used with discretion. Even the best raconteurs are tempted to draw too largely upon their deposit accounts; a certain intoxication seems to seize those not in the very first rank when they have made a success or two in this line, and I have known one with a great reputation who could never be trusted after a capital story not to wipe out the remembrance of it by a dull one. He really did not seem to know what was good and what was indifferent; he had a large quantity of the commodity (anecdote) on his hands, and must needs get rid of it at any cost to his reputation. A high-class but still detestable talk-stopper is the man of rounded periods. Everybody knows how he is going to finish his sentences, but he will do it his own way, and it is a long way round. One is inclined to say to him what Scrooge so pathetically observed to his partner's ghost, "Don't be flowery, my friend; don't be flowery."

These are by no means the greatest obstructionists in the way of conversation. Some persons might almost be

called professional talk-stoppers. They delight in questioning the truth of a good story, or in picking some hole in it, to prove that it had a better reception than it deserved. They lay their finger on some trivial inaccuracy in a date or a name; they bring no provender to the intellectual picnic; their sole contribution to it is a senseless depreciation, which they conscientiously believe adds to the agreeableness of the evening. I wish no fellow creature dead, but I do think this class of person should be relegated to some other sphere of usefulness, where (like Miss Snevellicci's papa) he would be appreciated. It is all very well to say, "Let us have no cliques," but some precaution must be taken to keep persons of this sort out of any society which has a claim to consider itself agreeable.

In old days a very innocent but still very effectual talk-stopper was the child. Parents used to bring their terrible infants into grown-up company, even of an intelligent kind. It was an outrage of that description which caused Charles Lamb to propose the health of Herod, King of the Jews. In scarcely a less degree (though one hesitates to acknowledge it) the presence of the young person of either sex is to be deprecated.

Some persons have the rudeness to go further, and assert that in the presence of the gentler sex conversation, not so much of an intellectual but of a natural or dramatic, and especially of a humorous kind, can seldom be carried on. It has been said, indeed, that a bright and clever woman "lifts the conversation" at dinner parties, but what sort of conversation do we generally find at dinner parties? And what must the conversation be that requires "lifting"? It is quite true that the talk of a polished and educated woman, of mature years and a liberal mind, is one of the most delightful of intellectual pleasures—it has well been called a liberal education—but how rare such women are! And how terribly even *they* are handicapped.

They can talk of literature, of politics, and even of religion, though in the last case seldom with any freedom; but speculations on "fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," the subjects of the best kind of conversation, are not to their taste, while from the discussion of some of the most interesting topics connected with human nature they are of necessity debarred. A better and wiser adviser of a young man in social matters is not to be found than in some ancient lady of wealth and position, whose very voice has persuasion in it, and who speaks from the fulness of her own knowledge. "I am an old woman, you know. Tell me your trouble." But that is only a duet, though one of exquisite sympathy; the talk of two. As a rule women's talk, like that of the aristocracy, is almost always personal.

The flippancies and cynicism of the smoking room are very naturally in ill odor; yet the brightest conversations within my own somewhat extensive experience have been held under the benign influence of tobacco. It nourishes quiet thought and does away with ill-humor; smokers do not talk unless they have something to say, and are careful to say it not at too great length, or their pipe would go out. Thus anecdote is restrained within proper limits, and monologue is rendered impossible.

It is rather invidious to pronounce which profession produces the best conversationalists, and such a judgment must be open to many exceptions; it can be at most but a general impression; but on the whole—there is nothing like leather—I think men of letters are the best talkers. It is true they are sometimes the worst from a negative point of view, since some of them can not talk at all. The sole channel of their intelligence is their pen. But the higher class of literary men have generally something interesting to say, because they are students of human nature, and adapt their experiences of it to their company. They never talk of their own books, nor very much even of litera-

ture. One of the many gifts of Dickens is known to be that of public speaking; but his conversation with his intimates was still more delightful, not at all witty, but intensely humorous, though combined with great earnestness, however slight might be the subject. He disliked general society, chiefly, I think, from the fear that some foolish person would compliment him to his face, a stroke of vulgarity that requires a master of fence indeed to parry.

Lever was a raconteur of the first sparkle, but after an hour or two one had enough of him. The best conversationalist I ever knew (that is among the departed) was a man of letters, W. G. Clark; he was one of the editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare, and the author of "Summer Months in Spain," but had a higher reputation as a classical scholar. He "wore his weight of learning like a flower," which is by no means usually the case with learned persons: they have no "buttonhole" themselves, but they buttonhole other people, and their perception of humor is generally confined to a false quantity. I can never understand why this error should be so mirth-provoking in a dead language, and so devoid of amusement in a living one.

Small literary folks are seldom good company; they talk literature too much, and though it is the best "shop" to talk about, "shop" is always better left alone. Observe how a soldier with a record of distinguished service avoids it; from a certain fine sense of modesty no less than good taste. He is as difficult to draw as a badger, but when drawn gives excellent sport. I am not one of those literary persons who seem to take a pleasure (for it is always affected) in contrasting to his disparagement Captain Pen with Captain Sword (for it is something, as now happens, "to have at one's back a million men"), but I must admit that there are few kinds of talk so attractive as that of the unwilling warrior making light of experiences, which if they had happened to me, I feel with

a secret blush, would have formed a more constant topic of conversation.

The talk of barristers is often very clever, but too inclined to be shoppy; they remind one of public school men, who, after they have ceased to be boys for half a century, will still retail the reminiscences of that far-back time to one another, without much consideration for that portion of the company who have neither been at Eton nor Harrow. The men of the gown are bright enough, but even when good natured are too apt to affect cynicism, which destroys at one blow both geniality and naturalness.

"The lower branch of the profession" are generally silent and severe (wherefore I know not, and Heaven forbid that I should draw the secret from its "dread abode"), but now and then we get an admirable specimen from this collection. There is nothing like your "family lawyer" as a receptacle of secrets, matters of real human interest; and sometimes he will open a closet without divulging its whereabouts, and show you a skeleton.

I had once a friend who had no rival as an exhibitor of this description—the happiest mixture of grave and gay conceivable, and who possessed quite an anatomical museum. Some of the heads of the families he had to deal with deserved a fuller portraiture at the hands of the dramatist or the novelist, but as sketches they were faultless. I remember one of them, and wish I could reproduce the touches which gave to the original picture its life and likeness. The man was a wealthy and still young north country squire, selfish and self-indulgent; childless, which was fortunate, for he was very unfit to play a father's part; and suddenly widowed. It was to the funeral of the wife that my friend was professionally invited. It had not been a happy marriage. The man was gloomy, not because of his bereavement, but because of the solemnity and seriousness it entailed. He would have gone away, if he had dared, and left her relations to bury her; he did not like them, and swore he would not

be shut up in a carriage with any one of them—he would ride alone. "No," said my friend, who had great influence over him (as indeed he had over most people with whom he was brought into contact). "You must not do that." There were good reasons why he should not have gone alone. "If you will not go with your relatives you must go with the clergyman." "The clergyman! Well, if I must, I must, but it will quite spoil my day."

Another funeral story, but against himself, he told with inimitable humor. I say "told," not "used to tell," for I never heard him repeat the same experience. The measures he took with his clients were represented as so successful that I requested him on one occasion to tell me one of his failures. For one instant he looked confused, but immediately resumed his serenity.

Well, I have been young like everybody else. When junior partner in my firm, I went down to the funeral of a client, very rich but not respected. He had no relatives and no friends, but there were a great many mourning coaches. It was winter, and the burial-place was five miles from the Hall. I was in the last coach with the doctor, a young man like myself. We went at a good pace over the snow, and the whole proceeding was tedious and disagreeable. "Do you think," said the doctor, "there would be any harm in our having a cigar?" Of course it was wrong and very unprofessional in both of us, but we lit up. It was a great relief, and, as we flattered ourselves, unaccompanied by danger. Presently, however, the whole line—about five and twenty carriages—came to a dead stop. The undertaker and one of his men ran wildly to our window. "Gentlemen, your carriage is on fire!" It cost us a couple of sovereigns, but we escaped detection.

Taking them all round, I had rather talk with a strange doctor than a stranger of any other profession. They have generally seen a great deal of human nature, and if they have only seen a little of it, it is worth hearing about. They never talk about art, at all events. I confess I am rather afraid of travellers, unless they are commercial travellers. They are too

full of information, and are too often anxious to impart it. Sometimes it is not even true. Frederic Locker used to tell of how an unscrupulous traveller narrating his adventures among the Red Indians was cleverly stopped by Lord Barrymore. "Did you ever see anything of the Chick-Chows?" "Oh! a good deal," said Sir Arthur, "a very cruel tribe, the Chick-Chows." "And the Cherry-Chows, eh?" "Oh, very much among the Cherry-Chows," continued Sir Arthur, "the Cherry-Chows were singularly kind to my fellows." "And pray, Sir Arthur, did you see much of the Tol-de-rod-dy-bow-wows?"

This was too much for even Sir Arthur. He was rather put out, but the company was relieved. Nevertheless, there *are* modest travellers. I had once a great friend who had travelled all round the world. When almost on his death-bed, he spoke to me on the subject for the first time, with humorous pathos. "My dear fellow, you will do me the justice, when I am gone, to say that I never told you one word about it." But he was a noble exception.

As to the clergy, they are a good deal weighted as regards conversation. Coleridge once observed that Nature was the Devil in a strait-waistcoat. Clergymen are angels similarly attired. There are, and have been, however, great exceptions: Sydney Smith, for example, whom no layman, except perhaps Douglas Jerrold, has ever excelled for brightness, and none have equalled for geniality. How much conversation has to do with manners may be gathered from the biographies of witty persons. How dull they are!

Folks talk of "the art of conversation," and of course there are some rules which need to be observed by all who would excel in it: to be brief, without curtness; to avoid any "talking to the gallery" (but indeed in the sort of company I have in my mind there is no gallery); to give and take. But the fact is conversation is a gift of nature; when artificial it is never

really good. The disposition must be genial, the wit ready and keen, but of the kind that "never carries a heart stain away on its blade;" the humor abundant, but always arising from the situation; not pumped up, but a natural flow; there must be a quick sympathy, and above all the desire to please.

JAMES PAYN.

From Longman's Magazine.
THE BUSHMAN'S FORTUNE.

Kwaneet, the Bushman, had lost his wife Nakeesa, and was just now a little puzzled what to do with himself. Nakeesa, poor thing, had been slain by a lion on the Tamalakani River in an attempt to rescue her man. The attempt was successful so far as Kwaneet was concerned, but Nakeesa and the babe she carried had fallen victims. Kwaneet had quickly got rid of Nakeesa's child by her first husband, Sinikwe. It was a useless encumbrance to him, and he had sold it for a new assegai to some Batawana people near Lake Ngami.

The Masarwa was now at a loose end. The companionship of Nakeesa during their year and a half of union—married life it could scarcely be called among these nomads—had been very pleasant. Nakeesa was always industrious, and had saved him an infinity of trouble in providing water, digging up roots and ground nuts and picking the wild fruit when game was scarce, and a score of other occupations pertaining to the Bushman's life. Now she was gone, and he must shift for himself again, which was a nuisance. But, chiefly, his mind was just now exercised, as he squatted by himself at a small desert fountain, as to what he should do with himself in the immediate future. Suddenly an old and long-cherished plan flashed across his mind. Years before, as a young lad, his father had taken him on a long hunting expedition to a distant corner of that vast desert of the Kalahari, in which the Masarwa Bushmen make their home. He remembered

the stalking of many ostriches, and the acquisition of great store of feathers; he remembered a long, long piece of thirst country through which they had toiled; and he remembered most of all coming presently to the solitary abode of a white man, planted in that distant and inaccessible spot, an abode almost unknown even to the wild Masarwa of the desert. From this white man his father had obtained for his feathers, amongst other things, a good hunting knife—a treasured possession which he himself carried. That white man, his waggon—there were no oxen, he remembered, nor horses—the house he had built for himself, and its fascinating contents; the strong fountain of sweet water which welled from the limestone hard by; all these things he remembered well. But most of all he recalled an air of mystery which enveloped everything. When he and his father had approached the white man's dwelling, they had seen him, before he set eyes on them, digging in a depression of the open plain a mile from the house. Much of the grass had been removed, and piles of sand and stones were heaped here and there, and there were heaps, too, he remembered, near the house. Kwaneet's father had, when they left that secret and unknown place, strongly impressed upon his son the absolute necessity of silence concerning the white man and his abode. The white man gave value for feathers—good value in a Bushman's eyes—while the harsh and bullying Batauana people of Chief Moremi at Nghabe (Lake Ngami) never did. On the contrary, the Batauana robbed the poor Bushman of all his spoils of the desert whenever they got a chance, which happily was not often.

Now Kwaneet had plenty of time upon his hands and no settled plan. The mystery of the lone white man had always fascinated him. He would go now and see if he still lived. It was some winters ago, but he might still be there. So Kwaneet filled three ostrich eggs and a calabash with water, made fresh snuff against the journey, and next morning, long before the clear star of dawn had leaped above the horizon, started upon his quest. He was well equipped for a Masarwa. His giraffe

hide sandals, not needed till the thorns were traversed, and his little skin cloak, neatly folded, were fastened to one end of his assegai. At the other end hung the full calabash of water. His tiny bow, quiver of reed arrows, bone-tipped and strongly poisoned, and a rude net of fibre containing three ostrich eggs of water were slung over his back. Some meat and a supply of ground-nuts, the latter skewered up in the dried crops of guinea fowls, completed his outfit.

It was a long, long journey, but Kwaneet, travelling leisurely at the rate of twenty or thirty miles a day—he was in no violent hurry—steadily progressed. He had not been through that part of the Kalahari since, as a lad, he had accompanied his father; yet, thanks to the wonderful Bushman instinct, the way through the flat and pathless wilderness seemed as plain to him as the white man's wagon road from Khama's to Lake Ngami. Despite the thirst, it was not an unpleasant journey. The various acacias, hook thorn, wait-a-bit, hook-and-stick thorn, and the common thorny acacia, with its long, smooth ivory needles, were all putting forth their round, sweet-scented blooms, some greenish, some yellow, against the coming of the rains. Leagues upon leagues of forest of spreading giraffe-acacia (mokaala) were in flower, and their big, round, plush-like pompons of rich orange-yellow blossom scented the veldt for miles with a delicious perfume. Even to the dulled senses of the Bushman these symptoms of renewed life at the end of a long drought were very pleasant. As the Masarwa plunged further and further into the heart of the wilderness, game was very plentiful. Great troops of giraffe wandered and fed among the mokaala forests; steinbuck and duiker were everywhere amid grass and bush. Upon the great grass plains, or in the more open forest glades, herds of magnificent gemsbok and of brilliant bay hartebeests grazed peacefully in an undisturbed freedom; not seldom fifty or sixty noble elands were encountered in a single troop. All these animals were almost entirely independent of water, and found here a welcome sanctuary. The country was absolutely

devold of mankind. Many years before a number of Masarwas had been massacred at a water-pit by a band of Sebituane's Makololo, then crossing the desert. The tradition of fear had been perpetuated and the region was seldom visited by Bushmen.

One morning, after sleeping within the welcome shelter of some thick bush, Kwaneet stepped forth upon a great open plain of grass. Kwaneet remembered the plain at once. Upon it his father and he had slain ostriches years before on their way to the white man's; and across the broad thirty-mile flat lay a water-pit, the last before the white man's dwelling was reached. The Bushman looked with a keen interest out upon the plain. He expected to see ostriches, and he was not disappointed. He at once began preparation for a hunt. First he takes from his neck three curious-looking flat pieces of bone, triangular in shape, scored with a rude pattern. One of these is more pointed than the others. He pulls them from the hide strip on which they are threaded, shakes them rapidly between his two palms, and casts them upon the earth, after which he stares with intense concentration for a long half minute. These are his dice, his oracles which disclose to him whether the hunt is to be a good or an unsuccessful one. Apparently the result of the first throw is doubtful. The Bushman picks up the dice, shakes them, and throws them again. This time the more acute-angled piece points away from the rest. The Bushman's eyes gleam, he mutters to himself in that odd, high, complaining voice which these people have, giving a cluck or two with his tongue as he does so, and throws once more. Again the oracle is propitious. Well pleased, the Masarwa re-strings his dice, fastens them about his neck, and hastens his preparations.

He now divests himself of all his encumbrances; water vessels, food, cloak, assegai, and sandals are all left behind. Stark naked, except for the little hide patch about his middle, and, armed only with his bow, arrows and knife, he sets forth. The nearest ostrich is feeding more than a mile away, and there is no covert but the long, sun-dried, yellow

grass, but that is enough for the Bushman. Worming himself over the ground with the greatest caution, he crawls flat on his belly towards the bird. No serpent could traverse the grass with less disturbance. In the space of an hour and a half he has approached within a hundred yards of the tall bird. Nearer he dare not creep on this bare plain, and at more than twenty-five paces he cannot trust his light reed arrows. He lies patiently hidden in the grass, his bow and arrows ready in front of him, trusting that the ostrich may draw nearer. It is a long wait under the blazing sun, close on two hours, but his instinct serves him, and at last, as the sun shifts a little, the great ostrich feeds that way. It is a magnificent male bird, jet black as to its body plumage, and adorned with magnificent white feathers upon the wings and tail. Kwaneet's eyes glisten, but he moves not a muscle. Closer and closer the ostrich approaches. Thirty paces, twenty-five, twenty. There is a light musical twang upon the hot air, and a tiny yellowish arrow sticks well into the breast of the gigantic bird. The ostrich feels a sharp pang and turns at once. In that same instant a second arrow is lodged in its side just under the wing feathers. Now the stricken bird raises its wings from its body and speeds forth into the plain. But Kwaneet is quite content. The poison of those two arrows will do his work effectually. He gets up, follows the ostrich, tracking it, after it has disappeared from sight, by its spoor, and in two hours the game lies there before him amid the grass, dead as a stone. The Bushman carefully skins the whole of the upper plumage of the bird, cuts off the long neck at its base, takes what meat he requires, and walks back to his camping-place. There he skins the neck of the bird, extracting the muscle and vertebrae, and leaving the head, sews up the neck again, inserting into it a long stick and some dry grass, and lays it on one side. The hunt and these preparations have consumed most of the day. Kwaneet now feeds heartily, drinks a little water, indulges himself in a pinch or two of snuff, and then, nestling in his skin cloak close to his

fire, his back sheltered by a thick bush, sleeps soundly till early morning.

So soon as it is light an ostrich stalks from the Bushman's "scherm" and moves quietly on to the plain. All its motions are as natural as possible. It holds its head erect, looking abroad for any possible danger as these wary creatures will, puts its head down to feed at times, scratches itself, all in the most natural fashion. The ostrich is no other than Kwaneet, disguised with the greatest care and deftness in the skin of the slain bird. He manœuvres the neck and head on the long stick inserted yesterday. All this is part of a Bushman's education, and Kwaneet is merely profiting by desert lessons acquired from his father years before. The Bushman-ostrich moves quietly out on to the flat, and presently joins a knot of birds feeding amid the grass. His approach is so skilful that he is able to lodge an arrow in the finest male bird of the troop without suspicion. From this troop, moving as they move when alarmed and keeping always with them, he kills four birds during the morning, all of which he rifles of their best feathers. During three days' hunting upon the plain Kwaneet thus kills eight fine cock ostriches, and gains a noble booty of prime feathers. These feathers having carefully fastened together, he proceeds on his journey. It takes him a long day to cross the plain. He rests at the limestone water-pit on the other side, recruits his water calabash and egg-shells, and then sets himself for the wearisome two days of waterless journey to the white man's settlement. He travels faster now, and late in the second afternoon reaches the well-remembered spot. The digging upon the grass plain seems to him as he passes it much larger than of old. Many heaps are now grass-covered and even overgrown with low bushes. But chiefly Kwaneet notices that the dry bed of an ancient stream, which ages since ran here, has been greatly excavated. The banks are piled up with soil, and the channel is much deeper than when he last saw it. Kwaneet smiles to himself and marvels at the white man's profitless labor. The man is alive, that is certain, his spoor plainly tells that tale. In another mile,

following the path worn long since, the Masarwa walks into the pleasant open glade just upon the outskirts of the camel-thorn forest, where the dwelling stands. It is exactly as Kwaneet remembers it, a low cottage of wattle and daub, neatly thatched. The old wagon still stands there under the spreading acacias fifty yards to the left. It is now rotten and dilapidated, almost falling to pieces; the white ants have been busy with it. There are signs of cultivation. Away to the right, near the fountain a patch of mealie and tobacco ground is almost ready for the rains that soon must fall.

In front of the red mud walls of the hut, now glowing warmly beneath the rays of the dying sun, sits the white man in an old wagon chair. As Kwaneet walks up he starts, rises, and, looking hard at the Bushman, says: "Who is it?" Then, looking still harder, "Surely Dwar, the Masarwa?"

"Nay," answers Kwaneet, "it is not Dwar, but Kwaneet, the son of Dwar. Dwar died in the drought, in the season that three lions pulled down the giraffe by the pool of Maqua."

The white man laughs grimly. "That is the answer of a true Masarwa," he says. "How can I tell when Dwar died? But now I remember you, Kwaneet. You were here as a lad with your father, and you are as like Dwar as one kiewitje's egg is like another. What do you do here? The Masarwa seldom comes this way."

"Oh, my lord," returned Kwaneet, "I lost my wife on the Tamalakan River and I wished to wander again. I thought I would hunt this way and see if the white man still abode here. Here are feathers which he may wish to buy."

The white man was long silent and gazed hard at Kwaneet, and as he gazed his eyes seemed to wander dreamingly into the past. Meanwhile Kwaneet, squatting there in the red sand in front of him, had time to observe him well. The white man had changed a good deal. His glance, which the Masarwa remembered as shifting and uneasy, was the same, but otherwise he was different from the strong man he had last seen. He stooped and was very thin,

his face was deeply lined, the flesh followed tightly the contour of the bones. The beard and hair, which the Bushman remembered as an intense black, were now thickly streaked with white.

While the two men sit thus silent let us look into the white man's past—that past which at this moment he himself re-traces within the mazes of his brain. James Fealton fifteen years before was a Namaqualand trader, who knew the interior and its natives well, and had prospered moderately. He had not a very good reputation. When diamonds were discovered and the rush took place to the Vaal River, he happened to be down country. He joined the rush, and, chumming with an Englishman fresh from the old country, spent many months in digging. The two men lived hard, and had no luck for six months, by which time most of their capital had come to an end. Then came a big stroke of fortune. They found a huge stone of many carats, worth some thousands of pounds. Not a soul in the camp knew of the find. But one day Fealton had disappeared, his partner was found in their tent stabbed to the heart, and a hue and cry arose. The hue and cry did not last long; the camp was far too busy in those days with its own affairs to trouble greatly about bringing felons to justice. Fealton had carefully covered up his traces and the search presently died away. Fealton had, as a matter of fact, ridden off on a fleet horse by night and had secured three good days' start. Avoiding all dwellings, he rode across the veldt, and presently reached a kraal on the north bank of the Orange River, where he had left a wagon, oxen, and some stores some six months earlier, just before he had been bitten with the diamond fever.

Within six hours of his arrival at the kraal he had inspanned his oxen and trekked away north into the heart of the Kalahari. At first he had luck, there were plenty of wild melons (*tsama*) about the desert, and, finding water, his oxen subsisted on these for some weeks. At Lehuditu, a Kalahari kraal, where the only native he had with him lived, he paid off the man and thence trekked on alone. But as he pressed yet north the *tsama* failed, and one after another

the oxen fell in their yokes and died of thirst and exhaustion. It was a ghastly struggle for life. Fealton managed to reach the pleasant fountain where Kwaneet found him and there halted. He had reached a remote place surrounded by "thirsts"—a place unknown to white men—here he would rest for a year or two. The remnant of his oxen, save two, soon after died from eating a poisonous plant—"Tulp," as the Boers call it—and he was stranded whether he liked it or no. But the place suited him very well. He was haunted by the gnawing fear of detection. The crime itself—the foul murder of his friend—troubled him little at present in the haste and toll of flight, but the consequences of it, the terror of retribution and of justice, dwelt with him incessantly. He would stay here till things were forgotten, and then escape north far into Portuguese territory and so to Europe. Meanwhile there was plenty of game around him. He had a plentiful store of ammunition—enough for many years, with care—and was fond of sport. He would hunt ostrich feathers, and thus collect wealth to add to the value of that wonderful diamond, which he carried ever about him. And so he had built himself a hut, and made himself a home in the wilderness.

Rambling with his gun about the country near the place of his settlement, he had found one day a dry river-bed, where water had evidently run in ages past. Some of the gravel, here and there left uncovered by the light sand of the desert, struck him. He brought a spade and searched carefully, and presently from a washing picked out a small diamond. The discovery electrified him. That here in this secret place, happened upon by the merest accident in that desperate flight from the great diamond stretches of the Vaal River, he should have lit upon another field, seemed the wildest improbability of a dream. Yet so it was. He found a week or two later another stone. They were not large diamonds, but they were wonderfully pure gems, white and flawless. He now set to work with feverish energy. He would amass a huge fortune in a year or two and then get away to some civilized country and enjoy that

life of luxury and indulgence for which inwardly his soul had always pined. He had a few trading tools on his wagon, picks and spades. These easily sufficed him. He worked steadily for three years in the dry river-bed, until the time when Kwaneet and his father had made their way to his hut. His success had not been very great, thus far the stones were scarce and far apart and not very large. Moreover, the toil of carrying the stuff to his fountain for washing purposes was great, and took up much time. But, four years after the Bushman's visit, a turn came. Moving further along the dry channel he had at length hit upon much richer soil. Fine diamonds of considerable size were occasionally to be found after the washings, and slowly the man's store of gems increased. Yet, always hoping for some yet greater streak of luck, he toiled on. Now at last in the leather bag, locked in a corner of his wagon chest, he had a great fortune. But for the last two years his health had begun to fail. Some internal trouble sapped at his strong frame. He lost flesh and grew old and wrinkled. The fitful beating of his heart, palpitations, and even sudden pangs, alarmed him. He gave up digging, he had barely enough energy at times to shoot or snare game and keep himself in meat. He must escape from the desert, which he now loathed, and get to Europe and obtain medical advice. No doubt he could be put right again.

For months he had been casting about for some means of escape from what was now in his weakened state a prison. He doubted whether he could struggle on foot to the next water—sixty long miles of heat and thirst—and there were other long thirsts to be traversed before he could even strike a native settlement and buy a horse or oxen. And here, in the midst of his perplexities, the Bushman had turned up! Nothing could have been more fortunate, it was absolutely providential. Fealton felt that evening more cheerful than he had done for years past. His troubles would vanish now. That night he treated Kwaneet to a magnificent feed—for a Bushman—opened his last bottle of brandy—the long-treasured remnant

from a case of two dozen—and, under the mellowing influence of the liquor and companionship, his spirits rose immensely. The old bright dreams, which had been fading in the last year or two, rose clear before him. He understood the Koranna dialect, which much resembles Masarwa, and he had no difficulty in conversing with the Bushman. From him he gleaned a little—a very little—of what was passing in the native states around him. Moremi reigned at Lake Ngami. Khama had succeeded Macheng and ruled the Bamangwato. Sechele still lived. The white men came oftener into the country, the game grew scarcer. He could glean little else than these bare facts from the desert man. Yet it was wonderfully pleasant to use his tongue, to break the long silence of the lonely wilderness, to exchange ideas even with a Masarwa. The two men talked for a couple of hours, then Fealton motioned Kwaneet into a corner of the hut, and himself lay down upon his rough bed.

Kwaneet curled himself up under his hartebeest skin cloak and was soon fast asleep. He woke as usual very early, but Fealton was awake before him. Peering from under his cloak, Kwaneet saw in the dim light of early morning that the white man was sitting on his bed. He had in his hands a skin bag. He opened this and poured out its contents on the couch. The Bushman could not see all, but he saw a little heap of pebbles, which the hand of the white man levelled and spread over the blanket. Several of the larger stones he picked up and examined closely and weighed in his hand. It was clear to Kwaneet from the white man's movement that he set great store by these pebbles. The Bushman stirred. Fealton swept the stones into the skin bag again, put them into his wagon chest, which stood close to the bed, and locked it.

That morning after breakfast Fealton unfolded his plans to the Masarwa. He was to go with some ostrich feathers to a trader at Lake Ngami and barter two good pack oxen on which the white man could make his escape. He could ride one and pack his belongings on the other. The Masarwa had more than

once tended cattle for the Bechuana and understood them. Oxen would traverse the "thirsts" better than horses, even if horses could be obtained, which was doubtful, and Kwaneet did not understand horses. For the Bushman's protection in this business—lest he should be robbed or cheated of the feathers by the way—Fealton wrote a note in an assumed name and hand, authorizing the cattle to be delivered in exchange for feathers. He represented himself briefly as a traveller who had broken down in the desert. He enjoined upon Kwaneet complete secrecy as to his long settlement in the Kalahari. The reward to Kwaneet for the due despatch of this piece of business was in the Bushman's eyes a very great one. The white man promised him a breech-loading rifle and ammunition, and some goats. Kwaneet had ambitions for a Masarwa, and began to look forward to setting up as an aristocrat, such, for instance, as the Batauana or Bamangwato people, who lorded it so greatly over the poor children of the desert.

Kwaneet performed his mission secretly and well. He procured the two pack oxen, got them safely across the desert—luckily it was the beginning of the rains—and arrived one day at the white man's hut. He approached the place with a swelling sense of satisfaction. He had accomplished a difficult mission for a desert-bred man. The white man would be vastly pleased. The reward, that magnificent Snider rifle, which always he had carried in his mind's eye, the cartridges, the goats—all, all were soon to be his. Within fifty yards of the hut something caught the eye of the Masarwa—something that sent a thrill down his back. Here was now, since the rain had fallen, fair green grass starred with flowers. Big pink and white lilies stood in their short-lived bravery near the fountain, and amid these wild lilies lay bleached bones and pieces of torn cloth. The white man was dead, and here was the last of him. Kwaneet turned over the bones. Many of them were broken by hyenas and jackals, but there was no mistaking the fragments of clothing amid which they lay. The Bushman's aid had come too late. Fealton's fate had at last

overtaken him. He had died suddenly of the ailment that had been so long sapping at his life, and the birds and beasts of the desert had been his undertakers.

Here at first was a bitter disappointment for Kwaneet. Presently, however, on thinking it all over, the affair looked not quite so blank for him. Here in this secret place was wealth—a good rifle, some ammunition still remaining, as he knew, the two oxen he had brought. Why should not he live here and enjoy this pleasant spot and these good things? So Kwaneet took possession of the hut and its contents, clothed himself in an old pair of trousers and a flannel shirt, and entered upon the life of a great man. He built a little kraal for his two oxen, and for a time was as happy as an English squire with a heavy rent roll in the good days. He tried the rifle, and after a time even overcame the alarming difficulty of letting it off. But it was a serious undertaking, and upon the whole he preferred his bow and arrows.

Presently Kwaneet, Masarwa though he was, yearned once more for companionship. He would try to get a wife again. He had found the white man's bag of pebbles. He felt convinced somehow, from the care the man had bestowed upon them, that they were valuable. He would take these and the best of the ostrich feathers to the trader and obtain more cattle for them, and on his way thither he would pick up a wife at the water of Ghansi. This last was not a difficult task. At Ghansi he bought the girl he needed, paying for her his father's old hunting-knife, which he had replaced by a better one found in the white man's hut. Kwaneet's appearance with a couple of pack oxen and a big load of feathers, and other indications of immense wealth, created some sensation among the Masarwas squatting at Ghansi. One of them in particular, Sakwan, made it his business to inquire further into the matter. He had an old grudge against Kwaneet—it had happened over a stray tusk of ivory found in the desert; it irked him yet more to see his rival thus prospering. After Kwaneet with his new wife had left Ghansi for the Lake, therefore,

Sakwan followed secretly upon their spoor. Kwaneet found no difficulty in marketing his wares at the end of his journey. He interviewed the trader by night. The man was staggered at sight of the magnificent lot of ostrich feathers which Kwaneet turned out of the skin coverings that enveloped them; yet more staggered was he when the Bushman produced his bag of pebbles, and poured them upon the deal table. The trader knew diamonds in the rough perfectly well. Here, he assured himself, was the price of a king's ransom. Where did they come from? Were there more of them? To these questions Kwaneet returned evasive answers. He knew nothing more than that he had found them in the desert. There were no more of them. What then, asked the trader, did Kwaneet want for the lot—feathers and pebbles? They were not worth much to him, but he would buy them. Kwaneet had thought all this out. His fortune was worth to him, he conceived, ten head of cows, a bull, twenty goats, some Snider ammunition, a hat, a suit of trade clothes, and a shawl for his wife. He shook a little with excitement as he proposed these enormous terms. The trader laughed to himself at the Masarwa's idea of wealth; he knew well that that wonderful bag of diamonds alone was worth some tens of thousands of pounds. And the feathers—magnificent prime bloods, long and snow-white, represented three or four hundred at least. He haggled a little to save appearances, and finally closed the bargain.

Two days later Kwaneet and his wife started away from a quiet cattle post belonging to the trader, which lay at some distance from the native town. It was part of the bargain that the trader should see the coast clear, so that the Bushman might get away unknown to the Batawana. This was safely accomplished. The two bush people, driving their fortune before them, plunged straightway into the desert. It was an anxious yet a delightful journey for Kwaneet. He had made his pile; henceforth he would rear flocks and herds in that dim corner of the desert and grow even richer—as rich as a Bechuana. What Masarwa before him had ever

accomplished, had ever even dreamt so much?

Thanks to the rains, which held late that season, Kwaneet got all his stock safely over the journey and reached his goal. It was a fine clear morning as they drove the cattle and goats up to the pleasant fountain, now brimming over with the rains, which Kwaneet knew so well. There stood the hut and the wagon just as he had left them. Part-ridge-like francolins were calling sharply near the water. Brilliant rollers and wood-peckers, and bizarre hornbills with monstrous yellow bills were flitting to and fro among the trees of the mokaala grove. Beautiful wild doves cooed softly from the spreading branches of the great giraffe acacia, beneath which the old wagon stood. Bands of sand grouse were drinking, splashing, and stooping at the water. The grass was still green; flowers still flourished; the place looked very fair. All that day Kwaneet and his young wife toiled hard cutting thorns and making a temporary kraal for the cattle. Then they ate some food and, turning into the hut, slept.

Two hours later—before the moon rose—a dark form crept up to the doorway. The cry of a hyena was heard. Kwaneet came forth and was met not by any prowling beast but by the sharp blade of an assegai which pierced his heart. That deadly thrust was made by Sakwan, who had shadowed for weeks past the career of his hated rival. Thus miserably ended the fortunes and hopes of Kwaneet the Bushman. Perchance if he had lived he might have founded here in this remote place, as he had sometimes in these last weeks dreamed to himself, a tribe—perhaps even a dynasty—of the desert! Why not! Lehuditu, that strange village of the central Kalahari, sprang from no greater a beginning! But all these aspirations had been ruthlessly ended by Sakwan's spear-head. They sank there into the thirsty sand with Kwaneet's life-blood. As for Sakwan, he took possession of the Masarwa girl, squatted at the fountain till they had killed and devoured Kwaneet's cattle and goats, and then, with his wife, betook himself once more to the roaming life of his kind.

Kwaneet's bones rest there amid the Kalahari grass, mingling with those of the white man, mute records of ruined hopes, the pitiful relics of the first and last Masarwa Bushman that dared to have ambition. Sometimes the jackal turns them over with his sharp snout, but they are very white and very clean now, and not even a jackal can find consolation in them. The diamonds collected so painfully by the murderer Fealton, and so lightly parted with by the simple Kwaneet, are scattered too; but at least they have built the fortunes of the white trader, who now lives in England upon their proceeds the life of a man of wealth. He can little guess, nor, I suppose, would he be greatly interested to know, the sorry ending of the desert nomad to whom he owes his luck.

H. A. BRYEN.

From Chambers's Journal.
THE RESTORATION OF PAINTINGS.

The gifted Maria Edgeworth, whose moral tales were an educational force when this century was in its youth, in one of her writings inquired, "Who in contemplating one of Raphael's finest pictures, fresh from the master's hand, ever bestowed a thought on the wretched little worm which works its destruction?" There is no doubt that observation fairly represented the frame of mind of the general public at the period at which it was penned. Visitors to art galleries then most probably strolled through collections without reflecting very seriously upon the insignificant insects that silently and ceaselessly assist the ravages of time. Seventy years have elapsed since Miss Edgeworth gave expression to her thought, and the valuable impetus to art given by the late prince consort, and the establishment of government art schools all over the kingdom have educated the British public in such matters. Magazines and periodicals not then existing, by reproducing famous pictures as illustrations, have as-

sisted to make art popular, and knowledge of art and its treasures has, by lectures and exhibitions, become accessible to the meanest subjects of the queen. Never before in the history of the world has there been so universal and intelligent an interest in all branches of art as now exists, and the good Maria's typical worm has, it is known, caused anxious consideration in many minds. Apart from the general public, it is evident that the owners of paintings, the value of which represents a goodly fortune, must feel concern at the influences that deteriorate their collections. The sixth Duke of Marlborough evinced continuous care of the Blenheim pictures, and checked by every precaution of the conservator's art the inroads of the infinitesimal enemy. The English government on behalf of the nation purchased some of the pictures from his son, the late duke, for considerably over one hundred thousand pounds, one picture alone costing seventy thousand pounds. Artists, also, who wish to be the famous old masters of the future and venerated by posterity, hold, so to speak, a Diet of Worms, to ascertain the colors and materials that will best resist the insidious but effective action of time. Picture restorers too, above all, meditate earnestly on the worm subject; their professional experience being in daily requisition to neutralize the injuries effected by the spiral twistings of the persevering grub. There are restorers and restorers. One class would wash a picture as they would a door, plaster a fresh coat of varnish on, and deem it restored. Others will invoke the aid of pumice-stone or spirits of wine to remove the incrustations of age, and away go the old coats of varnish, and half the picture with them.

Inefficient restorers are legion; but the true restorers—with the artist's soul, who understand the composition of the colors used, and the method of painting distinguishing the different schools, periods, and masters, and the proper solvents and treatment required—are few indeed. Some owners of col-

lections have a not unnatural objection to their pictures being either cleaned or repaired, bearing vividly in mind the scrubbing, plastering, and painting to which some works of art have been subjected by unqualified and ignorant persons. Artists themselves sometimes do not make the most desirable of restorers, as instead of patiently matching the specks of blemish caused by decay with the surrounding portions of the picture, so that it will be impossible to detect the restored spots from the original, they are often tempted by their mastery of the brush to repaint rather than restore, and there are notable instances of valuable "old masters" as they are termed, being served in this manner. Indeed, if a book is written on "the vicissitudes of great paintings," they will prove to be as remarkable as "The Vicissitudes of Great Families," recounted by Sir Bernard Burke. But notwithstanding these facts, a great deal can be done for the preservation of old paintings by intelligent restoration. Re-lining the crumbling canvas of an old master with new canvas, or transferring a painting on worm-eaten wood to a fresh panel will appreciably lengthen the life of the picture. The removal of varnish that has become discolored with years, and the substitution of fresh preservative coats, enables the delicate tints and lights and shades of a work of art long obscured to be once more observed. Fissures and similar injuries may be filled in with advantage, and it may be taken for granted that there are very few pictures of any age but have received some such attentions, or they would not be in a condition to hang in their galleries. The renovation described preserves the original touch of the vanished hand of the painter, and if it does not enable "a thing of beauty" to be "a joy forever," yet gives it a fresh lease of life without impairing its value or genius.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive
hand,

oil-paintings cannot be expected to be

less perishable. If the couplet of Pope—

Beauty, frail flower which every season
fears,
Blooms in thy colors for a thousand
years—

is to be applied with reason and truth to the artists of the present day, it will ultimately be by the aid of the picture conservator, whose functions have been lovingly and reverently delineated by the late Henry Merritt, a restorer of eminence, whose services were held in high esteem by the late prince consort, the sixth Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Gladstone, and the possessors of the finest art collections in England. Mr. Merritt thus wrote: "The restorer who is duly impressed with the importance of his object, collects everything relating to his craft, in the form of drawing, print, or etching, bearing the stamp of the master's hand. He seeks after the obsolete, pores over old books, gleanings here and there particular facts. In ancient mansion, gallery, or cathedral, wherever the old painters have left the impress of genius on the walls—in dim ancestral portraits or nobler visions of creative thought—there the restorer makes his study and his home. His well-taught eye detects the slow decay which lurks beneath the surface of resplendent colors. An atom of dust betrays to him the presence of the insidious worm; he watches the subtle film left by the moist air and baked by the sun or fire, as day by day its presence obscures each tender tint and softened hue. Whatever tends to injure the objects of his care arrests his attention, and ordinary decay, the consequences of neglect, or the effects of malice, he labors to repair. Bending before the sacred ruin, he regards it with no less awe than if he were conscious that the author of the work still lingered near. Harboring no mercenary thoughts, he rises to his task with just and conscious pride, feeling that the last will and testament of a great artist is in his hands, himself the chosen minister to carry out the last

behest. Thus cheerfully, with light and gentle touch, he day by day reveals some portion of the buried treasure—some gleaming fragment of poetic thought."

In Westminster Abbey, on the southern wall of the Sacristy, is a remarkable and interesting painting of King Richard II., which has been subjected to both the species of restoration to which reference has been made—the ignorant and the intelligent. This picture, which dates from the fourteenth century, is the oldest historical portrait in England. Its restoration has been attempted by incompetent hands on several occasions. During the last century one Captain Broome was appointed to clean and restore it. However, he evidently did not understand the art of restoration, and made short work of the process by simply repainting the portrait, carelessly making several variations from the original. This repainting, unfortunately, had been partially done before more than once, with the result of totally obscuring the original portrait. Thirty-one years ago Dean Stanley, on the advice of the late George Richmond, R.A., entrusted the picture to the experienced hands of the before-mentioned Mr. Henry Merritt. Mr. Merritt, under the superintendence of Mr. Richmond and the late Sir George (then Mr.) Scharf, succeeded in removing the various coats of paint with which the picture had been encumbered by barbarian restorers of the past, and disclosing the real features and form of the unhappy monarch whom Shakespeare has portrayed, which had not seen the light for over a century and a half. Mr. Merritt's complete restoration of a painting which is five hundred years old was considered a wonderful achievement in art circles at that time.

It is not often that the general public have opportunity to obtain a glimpse of the mysteries, or are admitted to the penetralia of the restorer's art. Mr. Merritt, however, kept a detailed journal during the progress of the work, to which Mr. George Richmond, R.A., contributed occasional re-

marks. An extract or two will show the interesting and delicate nature of the operations, which in this case were of an exceptionally important and hazardous nature:—

"*September 25th, 1866.*—Mr. Richmond worked cleaning tippet, and removing thick layer of lead. Pure tempera painting found underneath with brown varnish. Cleaned face, which came out as now seen, saving an injury on right temple, particle of the nose, and a spot below the mouth, which are still to be pointed out. The eyes had been slightly rubbed, and required trifling repairs. Scratches are on the face, evidently the work of malicious persons. These scratches are still to be seen from a side-view."

Note by G. R.—"Mr. Merritt with great courage and equal skill removed the thick coating of repaint from the left side of the face, revealing one quite unlike that which was taken off; hair red, color of the eyes gone, but the color of the flesh quite that of a red-haired person, and I think the eyes have been blue."

"*September 26th.*—Mr. R. worked on chair and robe. Removed opaque oil, and found below it transparent crimson, rich and deep, like Venetian red.

"*September 27th.*—Mr. R. worked on chair, robe, and right hand. Removed black outer frame, and recovered a large piece of the footstool, and, up the side, a finely preserved Gothic ornament, supporting elbow of throne. The frame had to be broken off the picture in very many pieces. It hid about four inches in width along the bottom of the picture, rather less at the top, and about two inches on each side.

"*September 29th.*—Mr. R., occupied in endeavoring to remove morsels of stucco-diaper background, found evidence of an older background under chair-ornaments, where the gold is still seen, and around the hair. The older background was apparently reddish, gilt in oil, and covered with undefined sprigs and scrolls, as now seen in the openings of the chair-back. Mr. R. found the clumsy diaper-stucco laid

on so as to cover and mar the contours in many parts of the chair and outer tresses of the hair. The true outlines, recovered by the removal of the stucco, are now visible. Mr. R. also worked an ornamental collar above tippet, bringing out oak-leaf."

Note by G. R.—"On the collar false emeralds had been painted, covered with thickly-painted high-lights to make the sparkle, all in wrong places."

Note by G. R.—"Happily the raised crown was in composition, about one-eighth of an inch thick, which Mr. Chance (a practical gilder) very carefully and skilfully chipped off. In flaking off the false globe and cross that springs out of it, we were very careful to note how the cross was inserted into the ball or globe. (A comparison between Vertue's and Carter's engravings discloses a difference on this point.)"

"October 2d.—Mr. Chance slowly uncovered the raised gold, which hid the true crown, sceptres, and globe."

Note by G. R.—"Mr. Chance uncovered a shadow falling from the right thumb upon the globe, and found also that the little finger of the left hand came outside the sceptre, and was not, as the prints represent, hidden by it."

"October 4th.—Mr. Chance found gold under pinnacles of crown, further supporting the impression of a plain gilt background prior to stucco."

"October 5th.—Mr. R. superintended the removal of the outer raised sceptre, when the top ornament came out in fine drawing and shading."

"October 12th.—Found the blue tunic thickly painted over, and upon this ground the letter R, with crown and sprig, with the circular ornament, was coarsely stencilled. On removing these ornaments, nothing remained save the false blue covering, and on removing that, the letter R, crown, and circular ornament came to light as now seen."

After this efficient restoration the picture was covered with glass, and has not since required any further attention. Visitors to Westminster Abbey

should not omit to examine this interesting portrait.

MALTUS Q. HOLYOAKE.

From The Fortnightly Review.
GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.¹

I would attempt to call up before you to-day the image of the most accomplished master of French prose that has appeared in our country in the latter half of the present century—the author of "*Madame Bovary*," of "*Salammô*," of the "*Education Sentimentale*," the "*Tentation de Saint Antoine*," "*Bouvard et Pécuchet*," and the "*Trois Contes*"—Gustave Flaubert. The books I have named belong to a very sober but, withal, to a very bold form of art, in which is applied that æsthetic perception of truth as a whole which is to be found in Aristophanes, in Plautus, in Lucretius, in the dramatists of the Elizabethan Era, in the Goethe of "*Faustus*," of the "*Affinities*," of the "*Roman Elegies*" and "*Wilhelm Meister*." This is no time to discuss the theories of that school of art. I have not come here to propound a thesis, but to make you acquainted with a man whose ideas may have been more or less correct, more or less complete, but who assuredly conceived them in all sincerity of conscience and moulded his effort with the most indomitable, the most unselfish courage. It may be said, indeed, that he sacrificed everything—pleasure, money, success, health—to the ambition of realizing his dream of art, and that for fifty years this master of realism presented the most noble embodiment of practical idealism. Speaking in his letters of Alfred de Musset, he expresses himself as follows: "He is one to be pitied. You cannot live, without some sort of religion, and he has none. . . ." Now Flaubert possessed the religion of letters carried to extreme devotion, to fanaticism.

No man was ever more richly endowed with the higher virtues of a great literary artist. His whole existence

¹ A lecture delivered on June 23rd at the Taylorian Institute, Oxford, at the invitation of the Curators.

was one long struggle against circumstances and against himself, to live up to that ideal standard as a writer which he had set before himself from his earliest years. When we read his letters, when day by day we observe his strenuous efforts to give fitting expression to his dream, when we see him thinking and tolling from the years of his youth to the eve of his death, we realize the pitiful truth of that saying of one of Balzac's heroes in his "Illusions Perdus," a tale of literary life: "A great writer is a martyr who will not die."

When I spoke just now of Flaubert's youth I should rather have said his boyhood. The first volume of his letters begins with a note dated December, 1830—he was then nine years of age—in which he writes as follows to one of his schoolfellows: "If you wish us to enter upon a literary partnership, I will write comedies, and you shall set forth your dreams," and the last volume of those letters concludes with these lines, scribbled in 1880, a few days—nay, a few hours—before his death: "I had hoped the first volume of "Bouvard et Pécuchet" would have been finished this month. It will not be so now before October. I have work on my hands to last me till the end of the year. . . ." And between these two sentences is comprised a correspondence extending over fifty years, one long confession of ever and ever recurring labor. No artistic vocation was more unremittingly protracted, none more precociously declared. In order to understand the nature of its subsequent development, it is necessary first of all to realize exactly the social surroundings in which Flaubert was placed by accident of birth, and the intellectual surroundings in which he was placed by chance of education.

The father of Gustavé Flaubert was chief surgeon of the Hôtel-Dieu at Rouen. All concur in praising his professional genius, his uprightness of mind, his unerring science, and generous breadth of sympathy. But what praise could ever equal the well-known portrait his son has given of him in the character of Doctor La Rivière, or that passage in which he describes him as he enters Madame Bovary's death-cham-

ber?—"His hands bare—remarkably fine hands, which were never gloved, as though to be more ready to bury themselves in the gaping wounds of humanity." And he adds: "His glance, keener than his scalpels, pierced into your very soul and penetrated every falsehood under the gloss of shame or prevarication. And thus he went, all imbued with that serene dignity arising from the consciousness of great talent, of wealth, and of forty years of a tolling and spotless life. . . ." From this father, whom he so deeply admired, Gustave Flaubert had inherited the hard and, as it were, surgical precision of his powers of analysis. But this intellectual resemblance was not made manifest until later on, in the finish and skill of hand that characterized his maturer work, whereas in the early years of apprenticeship a wide divergence of views existed between father and son, causing the latter much cruel suffering. Like so many specialists whose every faculty is bent upon one single object, the elder Flaubert was utterly impervious to literature and art. Maxime du Camp, who was at this period the intimate friend of Gustave, records in his "Souvenirs" some of the old surgeon's caustic sayings when his son would mention to him his writer's dreams: "A fine trade, forsooth, to dabble one's fingers with ink. If I had never handled anything better than a pen my children would be starving by this time. . . ." And again: "Writing is a pastime that is not objectionable in itself. It is better than lounging in a club, or losing your money at cards. . . . But what is the use of it? No one ever knew. . . ."

All this chaff, though powerless to undermine the young man's love and admiration, yet paralyzed his self-reliance. He gradually came to consider the inner world of his artistic emotions as a private domain, to be carefully guarded against intrusion on the part of his father, of his brother, who had inherited the surgeon's scalpels and prejudices, of his mother, who would remark, "Those books of yours have dried up your heart." He cherished that father, that brother, that mother—especially that mother—with the deep and

full devotion of a strong nature, contrasting all the more strikingly with his manifest inward shrinking whenever literature or art were alluded to. Nothing is more significant in this respect than his letters to his most trusted confidant, A. le Poittevin, in the course of a journey with the other members of his family: "My father," he says, "was hesitating whether to go on to Naples. Can you realize my terror? Do you grasp its meaning? Our journey hither, perfect as regards material arrangements, has been too brutally devoid of all poetic element for me to wish to prolong it further. . . . If you only knew all they unconsciously blight within me, all that is torn up by the roots, and lost for ever. . . ."

Note carefully the shade of feeling expressed in these few words. It is not a fretful display of temper on the part of a young man of twenty, self-willed at times to the verge of rebellion, chafing under the cold lack of sympathy evinced by a father or mother sobered by age. I discern in his words the sorrowful protest of a talent eager to assert itself, to expand and to attain its full bloom, struggling, in short, for very life, amid surroundings that stifle, while meaning to protect, like a case too narrow for the sapling that grows in it. I further discern in these words of his the origin of one of Gustave Flaubert's master thoughts—the rooted conviction, to use one of his own expressions, that "the world holds literature in aversion." Later on, towards the end of his life, he still further exaggerated this theory of the isolation of writers and the hostility they encounter at the hands of their fellow-men. The same Maxime du Camp, whom I quoted just now, relates that after the 1870 war, and in connection with every political event likely to imperil the fortunes of a novel or a play, Flaubert would exclaim: "They do not know what to be at to annoy us: they will not rest until they have made an end of writers and dramatists, books and playhouses. . . ." Such ebullitions may raise a smile. But take them in conjunction with his youthful disappointments, resulting from the want of sympathy evinced by his family, with his bursts of anger, when a man,

against his native town, Rouen, where, as he says, he "yawned with sheer lassitude at every street-corner," and you will understand how he ultimately reached what is practically the groundwork of his æsthetic theory—the contradiction that exists between art and life.

You will apprehend this still better if you consider that this feeling of isolation beyond the pale of ordinary life was further heightened by another influence which it will be necessary to characterize at some length, for it is to be felt throughout the writings of Flaubert, and in one sense constitutes their constant subject-matter. The influence I refer to is that of the French romantic school of 1830, undergone ten years later by a young, enthusiastic country lad, through the medium of such writers as Hugo, Musset, Balzac, Dumas, Sainte-Beuve, and Gautier. Nothing has been left unsaid with regard to the dangers and contradictions of the romantic ideal, conceived on the morrow of that marvellous Napoleonic epos by the idle, brainsick offspring of the heroes of the Grande Armée. No analysis could demonstrate more clearly the inconsequent folly of that ideal than the confession made by Flaubert himself in his biography of Louis Bouilhet: "I do not know," he says, "what may be to-day the dreams of schoolboys, but those we indulged in were superbly extravagant. They were inspired by the remote echoes of romanticism reaching us through all our commonplace surroundings which vainly strove to shut them out; and they produced in our minds the strangest turmoil. While those endowed with enthusiastic hearts sighed for highly dramatic love passages, with the necessary accompaniment of gondolas, black masks, and high-born ladies, fainting in post-chaises in the hills of Calabria, sterner minds hankered after the sword of the conspirator. I remember one honest fellow who always wore a Phrygian cap. Another fully intended, when he was grown up, to live as a Mohican. One of my bosom friends wished to become a renegade and serve under Abd-el-Kader. And we were not only troubadours, revolutionaries, and Orientalists; we were, above all, artists."

As soon as our impositions were done, we would turn to our books. We ruined our eyesight reading novels in the dormitory; we carried daggers in our pockets like *Antony*. Nay, some of us went yet further. Weary of a life they loathed, *Bar . . .* blew out his brains with a pistol, *And . . .* hanged himself with his necktie. Assuredly we deserved but little praise. But then how we hated everything mean! How passionate our craving for greatness! . . . How we respected great masters! How we worshipped Victor Hugo! . . ."

And now picture to yourselves how such highly sensitive temperaments would clash with the peaceful manners of the French nation under Louis Philippe. Imagine all these young would-be Lord Byrons obliged to take up a profession, the one to become a barrister, another a schoolmaster, a third to go into business, a fourth to be an officer of state. What a fall from the pinnacle of their fondly-cherished delusions! How impossible not to revolt against the lowly toil, the narrow circumstances, the hopeless monotony of everyday life! This again was to Flaubert a source of inward disturbance. He was by birth a man of letters among scientists and practitioners; he became by education a romantic among *bourgeois* and benighted *provinciaux*.

He was, moreover,—and here we come to the third influence which goes to explain his conception of art—an invalid in the midst of healthy, simple humanity, an undaunted though hopeless victim to one of the direst diseases that can afflict a creative mind, for he suffered from one of those infirmities which sap the very springs of life and thought, exhibiting as they do an admixture of mental and physical woes. It may be regretted that Maxime du Camp thought himself justified in revealing, in his "*Souvenirs*," the secret of those epileptic fits which, from his twenty-second year, prostrated Flaubert. However that may be, the fact has been divulged, and it would be childish to seem to ignore the nature of that secret curse that blighted the unfortunate man's life. When the first fits occurred he bravely took down from his father's shelves the books that dealt with the

fearful disease. He at once recognized the minute description of the symptoms he suffered from, and he said to Maxime du Camp, "I am a lost man." From that day forward he lived in constant apprehension of an ever-imminent attack, and all his habits of life, from the slightest to the most essential, were made subservient to that one agonizing fear. He took an aversion to walking, because it exposed him to be seized with the dreaded fit in the middle of the street. When he left his house at all, it was only to take a short drive, and it frequently occurred that he remained indoors for months at a time, as though he experienced no sense of safety beyond the shelter of the walls of his room. Wishing to conceal an infirmity of which he felt ashamed, he restricted himself more and more to the narrow circle of domestic intercourse. He denied himself all thought of ever having a home of his own, thinking, no doubt, that he had no right to marry, to found a family, to beget children to whom there was every chance of his transmitting so relentlessly hereditary a disease. All the ties that bind a man to social life were definitely severed under the strain of this last trial, and, as he himself expresses it in a somewhat peculiar but very profound phrase, "all the occurrences of life appeared to him as though merely designed to provide matter for description, so much so that all things, including his own existence, appeared to him devoid of any other significance." Reduce these words to their precise meaning, and you will find in them the very definition of the literary artist, to whom life is but an opportunity of fashioning a work of art, which is thus no longer a means but an end, no longer an image but a reality, and the only one which makes this weary burden of life worth bearing.

Literary art has often been conceived in this way, as an end in itself, and also as affording the sole comfort and compensation for the ills of life. To quote but two names very dissimilar, yet brought nearer to each other than it might seem at first by their common hatred of modern life, it was the conception proclaimed by Théophile Gautier and his school, and it was also the con-

ception to which his pessimism led Schopenhauer. The originality of Flaubert resides in the fact that he was, as I have observed already, endowed with that inward fervor which produces enthusiasts or fanatics, and it was this generous warmth of conviction that led him to follow to the end the logical consequences of his artistic principles, with a thoroughness to which no other writer, perhaps, ever attained. You might compile from his letters a complete code of the rules to be followed by the author who worships at the shrine of what has sometimes been called art for art's sake. The first and foremost of these rules, and one which constantly recurs in those letters, is the thoroughly impersonal, or, to borrow the phrase of the æsthetic school, the *objective* character that should be borne by all works of art. Nor is this rule difficult to account for. The fundamental principle of this theory of art for art's sake is the fear and contempt of life; and the avoidance of that life, thus dreaded and despised, should be as complete as possible. The artist should therefore strive above all to fly from his own self, and, to this end, he should entirely exclude his own personality from his writings. On this point Flaubert is sternly uncompromising. "Any one," he wrote to George Sand, who urged him to write a personal confession, "any one and every one is more interesting than Gustave Flaubert, being more general." And again: "According to my ideal of art, nothing should transpire of the writer's feelings of anger or indignation. He should no more be seen in his work than God is seen in Nature." And in his "Education Sentimentale," referring to some historical work on which one of his heroes is supposed to be engaged, he writes: "He merged his own personality in that of others, which is the only way not to suffer from it. . . ." Again, following out this rule of impersonality to its extreme limits, he forbids the artist to conclude, for that would be to express an opinion, to reveal himself. "No great poet," he says somewhere, "ever concluded. What did Homer think? Or Shakespeare? No one knows." In the same way he taboos the sympathetic hero; for a writer to show

a preference for one character over another is again to reveal himself.

On the subject of this impassiveness of which, he contends, a writer should make a constant rule, he rose at times to admirable eloquence. Reverting to his comparison of God and Nature, he would say, "An author in his work should be like God in the universe, present throughout, but nowhere to be seen. Art is a second nature, and the creator of this nature should proceed upon similar methods. In every atom, in every prospect, an impassive presence should be felt, concealed but all-pervading. The effect on the spectator should be one of amazement. How was all this brought about? he should be led to exclaim, and he should feel overwhelmed without exactly knowing why. . . ." Again, he would say (I quote at random), "No lyrics, no censuring, no sign of the writer's personality! . . . Its sentimental personality will, some years hence, cause the greater part of our contemporary literature to be looked upon as childish and somewhat silly. . . . The less you are affected by a thing, the better fitted you are to express it as it really is, as it abides for ever in its generality and apart from all ephemeral contingencies. . . ." And ever, amid the precepts he lays down, a constant check upon his own impulses, a deep distrust of "that species of feverish excitement which fools call inspiration. . . . Write with deliberation. . . . Everything should be done in cold blood, composedly. When Louvel determined to murder the Duke of Berri, he drank a bottle of lemonade, and he did not miss his man. That was a favorite comparison of poor Pradler's which I always relished. It is highly instructive for all who are able to grasp its meaning. . . ."

And now, if you will turn from Flaubert's letters, in almost every page of which these ideas are expressed in this abstract, doctrinal shape, to those writings on which he spent such patient, unflinching toil, you will at once observe that his books are but a practical application of these ideas. In the first place, the writer deliberately chose all his subjects outside the pale of his own existence and in a sphere most uncon-

genial to all his likings and tastes, to the whole bent and habits of his mind. Nothing can be more instructive, in this respect, than that romance of "Madame Bovary," which stands as a landmark in the history of the French novel, and was the starting-point of the whole school of realism. What a contrast between this hard, "anatomical" romance, and the circumstances of noble enthusiasm in which it was written! Flaubert had withdrawn to the country near Rouen, on a visit to his mother, in that white-walled house at Croiset, a former house of pleasance belonging to a religious fraternity, in which he lived in such guise as to justify one of his habitual jests, "I am the last of the fathers of the church." He was young, rich, and free, yet his sole pleasure was to labor on, lovingly and without intermission, surrounded with his books and with a blank sheet before him. The whole week he would spend thus, working eighteen hours out of every twenty-four, and his reward was the visit on Sundays of Louis Bouilhet, the poet, with whom he would read aloud the works of Ronsard and Rabelais. With most men of his age such unremitting toil would denote an ambition all the more fierce because the goal it aims at is more distant and all hope of gratification more remote. In a striking page of autobiography, Balzac, speaking of his youth and the labor to which he voluntarily condemned himself, has recorded the confession of all ambitious men of straitened circumstances who court literary success as a means of entering upon the world in full possession of fame, wealth, and affection: "I had decided," he says, "to live on bread and milk like an anchorite in the midst of this noisy Paris, to entomb myself like a chrysalis in a life of silent labor, only to rise again in brightness and glory. I would run the risk of death to attain life." Not so Gustave Flaubert. His patient endeavor aims at the pursuit of no empty dream of luxury, love, or glory. A purely intellectual ideal is the object he has in view, and this he pursues, utterly indifferent to material success. "I seek something better than success," he declares to a friend; "I seek to please my own self. I have in

my mind a certain method of writing, a certain fitness of style that I wish to attain, and nothing more." And he adds with characteristic simplicity, "When the time comes, and I think I have plucked the apricot, I do not say but I shall be willing to sell it and to let people clap their hands if it is good. But if by that time it is too late, if no one thirsts for it any longer, why, it cannot be helped." Little he cares for the fame acquired all around him by the friends of his youth, though he himself remains unknown. "If my work is good, if it is true, it will have its echo, its place, six months hence or six years, or after my death, what matters?" And how modest he is in his pride! "I shall not proceed very far," he complains; "but the task I have undertaken will be achieved by another. I shall have shown the way to some one more gifted than myself and more happily born. And who knows? Fortune has such guerdons in store. With a proper comprehension of the work he has in view, and with perseverance, a man may hope to attain to a satisfactory degree of excellence."

And if you now turn to the pages of "Madame Bovary," what do you find in them? A minute and faithful copy of a life in utter contrast with the proud, unsullied existence of this young Faustus, imprisoned in his cell. All the scenes depicted in this relentless novel deal only with sordid hopes, base passions, abortive minds, and ignoble feelings—an assemblage of misshapen souls above which hovers the idiotic smile of Homais the apothecary, that typical *bourgeois*, a very marvel of stupidity! The effect of amazement sought by Flaubert is thus accomplished. His faultless prose, now rich in color like a Flemish painting, now hewn in solid marble like a Greek statue, again rhythmical and pliant like a phrase of music, is applied to the description of beings so dwarfed and misshapen that the use made of this instrument of genius startles, confounds, almost produces a feeling of actual pain. How is the writer affected by these mental and physical infirmities which he scans with so keen a glance and records in such matchless style? We shall never know,

any more than what he thinks of the depravity of his characters, of the social state that produced them, or the moral distempers from which they suffer. The book is there before us, a living reality, like an object in nature. It stands unsupported, as Flaubert wished it to stand, "by the sheer power of its style, just as the earth, independent of support, is balanced in the heavens." These are the very words he uses to proclaim his design. They would form as suitable an epigraph for this novel of provincial manners, as for that romance of Carthaginian manners, "*Salammbô*," for that romance of contemporary history, "*l'Education*," that mystic epos, "*Saint Antoine*," that novel of modern ignorance, "*Bouvard et Pécuchet*," or that marvellous triptych, "*Les Trois Contes*," comprising under one and the same cover the tribulations of a country maid-servant, the pious legend of St. Julian the hospitaller, and the beheading of John the Baptist. It might appear that this literary artist had really accomplished the design he formulates in his earlier letters: "To write," he says, "is to be no longer ourselves, but to be diffused throughout that creation which we depict."

I say, "It might appear," for if Gustave Flaubert had indeed subjected all the creations of his art to the full rigor of his theories, if he had been completely, strictly impersonal in his writings, they would not have reached us all imbued with that melancholy savor, that subdued pathos which makes them so dear to us. Here we have an opportunity of proving once again that great law of all artistic creations. All that is essentially good and lasting in them is not what the artist planned and designed, but that unconscious element he has superadded, generally without knowing it, sometimes positively against his will. I may add that we should look upon this unconsciousness not as a subject of mortification for the artist, but as ennobling his whole task, and as a reward for that other labor, expended, not upon the work itself, but upon his own mind. This gift of expressing in their writings more than they themselves suspect, and of achieving results exceeding their ambition, is

only granted to those courageous and sincere geniuses whose past trials have gained for them the priceless treasure of wide experience. Thus did Cervantes write "*Don Quixote*," and Defoe "*Robinson Crusoe*," little dreaming that they infused into their writings, the former all the glowing heroism of Spain, the latter the dogged self-reliance of the Anglo-Saxon. If they had not themselves for many years practised these virtues of chivalrous enterprise in the one case, of indomitable endurance in the other, their books would have been what they intended them to be—mere tales of adventure. But their souls were greater than their art, and imbued it throughout with that symbolic power which is the efficient vitality of books. In the same way Flaubert's soul was greater than his art, and it is that soul which, in spite of his own will, he breathed into his writings, gaining for them a place apart in the history of the contemporary French novel.

Take up once more his "*Madame Bovary*," which he professed to have written in that uncompromisingly objective spirit. Let us consider wherein lies that which, in the opinion of even the most prejudiced judges, makes it a book of surpassing excellence. It is not the minute precision of his facts. The proceedings recorded in the "*Gazette des Tribunaux*" afford just as precise information with respect to provincial manners. Neither does it reside in the difficulties the writer had to overcome in order to set forth in such masterly style so uninteresting and commonplace a story. The sharp outlining of the figures, after the manner of the Dutch masters, the bold relief of the style, causing every object to be seen as through a magnifying glass, a grammatical correctness which never allows itself a reiteration, an assonance, or a hiatus—all this technical skill, when carried to such a high degree of perfection, would rather be likely to produce an impression of artificiality, almost of sleight of hand, and, indeed, Sainte-Beuve had, from the first, cautioned the too facile writer against the danger of excessive strain. No; what raises this tale to the dignity of a symbol, what makes of this account of the errors of a

petty, ill-mated *bourgeoise* a heartrending human elegy, is the fact that the writer, in spite of all his hard-and-fast theories, has not been able entirely to abstract his own personality. In vain did he choose a subject as far removed as possible from his own moral atmosphere, and tell his tale simply without a single comment, delineating each of his characters with the same impassive impartiality, without passing judgment, without pointing a moral—in spite of all, his vision of life betrays him. That evil from which he suffered all his life, that intemperance of thought which unfitted him for his time and place, he has involuntarily, instinctively ascribed to his prosaic heroes. Thought, ill-directed and led astray by a false ideal and worthless literature, but thought for all that, urged on Emma Bovary to her guilty adventures, and every page of the book is a violent and passionate protest against the havoc wrought by the discrepancy between imaginative dreams and the realities of life in the mind of one assuredly below the average, but yet too refined, too dainty for her surroundings. And the same theme of the danger of imagination and thought runs all through that "Education Sentimentale," of which Flaubert might have said even more aptly than of "Bouvard et Pécuchet"—that it was the book of his revenge.

The selfsame theme is the groundwork of "Salammbô," in which are seen the pernicious effects of thought and imagination acting upon the souls of barbarians with the same destructive power as upon those of civilized beings. The same theme is met with in the "Tentation de Saint Antoine," where we again find imagination and thought at war, in this instance, with a believing soul agonized by such a conflict. So that throughout his writings this man, who aimed at being impassive, impersonal and unconcerned, is proved to have chosen as the prime motive of all his books that evil from which he suffered himself—the inability to fashion his life in accordance with his thought and dreams. Only, whereas in his own case that thought, those dreams, were carried to their highest degree of intensity, his artistic theories led him to

depict in his novels lives in which thought and imagination were at a minimum, and this very circumstance heightens the truth of his writings. We perceive, underlying his subdued irony, his reserve, his self-constraint, a world of emotions which he does not reveal. It was Diderot, I believe, who, in the course of one of his rambling disquisitions on art, gave utterance to that admirable saying: An artist is always greater by what he keeps back than by what he expresses. Flaubert, that master of expression, would certainly have protested against this sentiment, and yet no work proclaims its truth more strikingly than his own; so true it is that we are all, to use an old simile, the weavers of a piece of tapestry of which we see but the wrong side, while the design is hidden from us.

When we consider Gustave Flaubert in this light, as a romantic oppressed by his surroundings, impelled by circumstances to adopt the most extreme theories of the art for art school, and yet induced by the natural impulse of his genius to imbue his writings with the sorrowful melancholy of his mind, we realize more clearly the reasons which made him the head of a school, again without his knowledge and against his will. For he was thoroughly in earnest when he wrote to George Sand in 1875, just as his disciples Zola and Daudet were at the height of success, "Speaking of my friends, you say 'my school.' Why, I worry myself to death in trying to have no school. I condemn them all on principle. These associates of mine, whom you speak of, seek after all I despise, and are very little concerned about that which vexes me most . . ." Here again Flaubert did not estimate correctly the full scope of his work. A late disciple of the masters of 1830, he had taken his place among French men of letters at the precise moment when that literature was divided between the two currents personified by the two greatest names of the middle of the century—Victor Hugo and Balzac.

With Hugo a new school of rhetoric had sprung into existence, one that was all color and form; and the talent of painting with words had attained its highest degree of development. With

Balzac a spirit of scientific investigation had invaded the novel, and almost from the first either school had exhibited its inherent defect: in the former the poverty of thought, in the latter the poverty of style. What made the appearance in print of "*Madame Bovary*" an event of the greatest importance, a date, in fact, in the history of the French novel, was the blending of both schools in one book, equal in plastic power to the finest pages of Victor Hugo or Gautier, and worthy of being compared for its analytic lucidity with the master-chapters of Balzac and Stendhal. This combination of the two tendencies of the age, of romanticism and science, Flaubert had been at no pains to acquire. His theory of art for art's sake had led him to it by a play of logic which he himself wondered at all his life. It was his systematic striving to be impersonal which, by causing him to abstract himself in presence of the object, had brought him to that precision of minute analysis. Having deliberately chosen as the subject of his first novel a commonplace, prosaic story, it chanced that he composed a study of life written in his highly-finished prose. It came upon his contemporaries as a revelation. Sainte-Beuve's article in his "*Lundis*," that of Baudelaire in his "*Curiosités Esthétiques*," are an abiding testimony of a surprise which very soon proved fruitful, for it inspired the books of the brothers De Goncourt, of Emile Zola, Alphonse Daudet, and Guy de Maupassant, to quote, among French contemporary novel-writers, names of acknowledged artists only.

To conceive a novel the subject of which is every-day, humble truth, as Maupassant says at the beginning of "*Une Vie*," a novel sufficiently true to nature to be of use in writing a history of the manners of the age, like a police report, and to write that novel in a prose, highly colored and plastic, precise and learned, in what the Goncourts used, barbarously enough, to call an "artist style," such was the ideal, derived from "*Madame Bovary*," which, according to their temperaments, the emasculate miniature-painters of "*Renée Mauperin*," the powerful seer of "*L'Assommoir*," the hyper-sensitive

chronicler of "*Le Nabab*," and the genial storyteller of "*Une Vie*," all strove to follow out. Flaubert, that lyrical poet, born of a physician, and brought up in a hospital, had found this synthesis of romanticism and science ready-made in his brain. He had also been ready to perceive and to express, as it could best be done by an ardent idealist, cooped up amid all the wretched meanness of a provincial town, the loathing of a man of letters for surrounding mediocrity, which is one shape of revolt against democracy. Finally, and for this reason, he remains ever present among us, in spite of the new developments assumed by contemporary French literature, he gave to all writers the most splendid example of passionate, exclusive love of literature. With his long years of patient and scrupulous toil, his noble contempt of wealth, honors, and popularity, with his courage in pursuing to the end the realization of his dream and the accomplishment of his task, he looms upon us as an intellectual hero; and I should be very proud to think that, in spite of the unavoidable misconceptions to which the thoroughly free character of the French novel is always likely to give rise on Anglo-Saxon soil, the somewhat too technical testimony I have borne him to-day may contribute in spreading and increasing in your liberal-minded Oxford that respect to which is entitled among the scholars of every land, that greatest, purest, most complete of our literary artists.

PAUL BOURGET.

[Translated by C. Heywood.]

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
ENGLISH CLERGY IN FICTION.

The *Spectator* last summer in a critique on the Royal Academy, said that there must surely be a mistake in the catalogue in the name of one painting, and that instead of its being the portrait of a well-known archdeacon, it must be intended for Mr. Collins, selecting one of Fordyce's sermons to

read aloud to the young ladies! We wondered how many among the crowds who daily passed through Burlington House had the amusement of an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Collins, and his unintentional absurdities. Few writers, save Jane Austen, could have drawn such a perfect picture of a pompous young man; too slow and heavy for puppyism, but thoroughly imbued with what some one said was the usual end of puppyism, *i.e.*, dogmatism, as to himself, his office, and his patroness. It has often been noted as showing the cleverness of Jane Austen's studies of character, that of her five young clergymen not one in the least resembles another, and yet they are all alike young, well-to-do, and in love. The adjectives belonging to each spring at once into our mind; just as pompous suits Mr. Collins so we think of the conceited Mr. Elton, the shy, reserved Edward Ferrars, the kindly-satirical Henry Tilney, the charming, high-principled Edmund Bertram. It is not alone Macaulay who appreciates Miss Austen's books to the extent of knowing them by heart, a great many of her admirers could well stand as stiff an examination on her books as Calverley's on "Pickwick," given to his Cambridge contemporaries, and we know some who can claim cousinship with her, who we believe can repeat whole passages from "Pride and Prejudice," "Emma" (the author's own favorite), or any of the others. There seems a special rise of these books in popular favor just now, to judge by the pretty edition of four years back with full-page sepia engravings in the old style, the Cranford series illustrated by Hugh Thompson, the large sixpenny Marigold edition, and Stead's "Penny" novelette.

Other clerics in fiction crowd on our memory, and among well-drawn characters in well-written novels we find those of the clergy more often than of any other profession, and naturally so, because they are always at hand to be studied. However scanty a neighborhood is of the educated classes, there are generally at least half a dozen per-

sons, and usually more, to one doctor, or one solicitor, not to speak of one squire, who perchance is an absentee. Of course, authors write on various principles, somewhat like the three men who were to write monographs on the lion and his habits. The Englishman went off with gun, Gladstone, medicine chest, and camera, to Africa, studied the beast for a year, and wrote from his knowledge thereby gained; the Frenchman went to the *Jardin des Plantes*, and wrote an essay in three days; the German shut himself into his study, and wrote an exhaustive treatise which he evolved out of his mental consciousness. Those who write like the German too often become like the author mentioned by the girl in Black's "Three Feathers," who had evidently been trying to keep the second commandment, as his book was like nothing in heaven or earth, or in the waters under the earth. Our best novels are decidedly from those who, like the Englishman, deliberate on the nature of the beast, and who believe that the proper study of mankind is man—and woman, and of men and women in the author's own circle. Why novels about political life, for example, are very often such rubbish, is because they are written by some one not in the ring, some one who does not possess the requisite knowledge. They should be left to the successors in literature of Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, Trollope; scenes of clerical life, however, come more within the study of the majority, as is easy to guess when we remember that there are but four hundred and sixty-five English members of the House of Commons as compared with twenty-three thousand clergy. In speaking here of clergy in fiction, we wish it to be understood that we are considering English clergy only, not American ministers like John Ward, Irish priests like Father Roach, German pastors, French curés, or Italian priests, though we can recall many splendid sketches of such; nor even those from the Scotch Kirk, which indeed would make our paper too lengthy, as so many life-like studies have been given by George MacDonald,

Mrs. Oliphant, Ian Maclaren, and J. M. Barrie.

We will now proceed with the brotherhood of the English Church, or perhaps rather the *brothers-in-law*, according to a clerical friend of ours. He happened to be waiting at a Sussex country station one day for his train, as was also the case with a Roman Catholic priest; and to while away the time they entered into conversation. "We agree in a good many points, after all," said the Roman Catholic priest at length. "Why should we not?" said our clerical friend. "We love and work for the same Father, and so we are brothers." The priest looked along the platform and saw a young curate in flannels with a party of girls, who were all joining in a good deal of chaff and noisy laughter. "Is he a brother, too?" he asked, indicating the curate. "He is a brother-in-law," drily answered our friend, and doubtless many of those we shall mention would only wish to be brothers-in-law, and on very stiff terms, to the others.

The East End missionary is a new type of character which comes a good deal into our fiction of late years. Some time back life in the East End was an unknown quantity, scarcely touched on in fiction; and to know about it at all one had to look up biographies like that of Father Lowder or James Hinton, or further back still, consult the letters of Edward Denison, at first only privately printed. George Glissing, Walter Besant, the author of "Tales of Mean Streets," and many other novelists have turned the bull's-eye of their pen on to the miserable lives of the poor of our great cities; we will not consider their books now, as they deal mostly with the people, not with the parson. "A Princess of the Gutter"¹ in some ways reminds us of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," inasmuch as the heroine is a Girton girl and possesses property in a very poor part of London, which induces her to go and live there. Here, however, the resemblance ends, and L. T. Meade's book is really a de-

scription, and a very good one, of a well-known parish in Shoreditch; no one who knows that part of London will have any difficulty in "placing" either Father Moore or the building which comprises his church on an upper floor, his club for boxing men, and his own two rooms up a spiral iron staircase, leading from a large hall devoted to his people. There is but one mistake, and of course the story is not supposed to give all the facts; the one mistake is in speaking of Father Moore's fight with the evils around us as being *single-handed*. For many years past the Sisters of the Church have organized and carried on under the sanction of "Father Moore" Sunday teaching, work meetings, cheap dinners, and parochial visiting, from their mission-house in Shoreditch. "Father Moore" is thus described: "My first impression of him was that he was a man in a fearful hurry. He seemed not to have a moment to spare. I have seen many an East London worker since then, but I have never come across any one so absolutely selfless as Mr. Moore. He looked like what he was, a captain in charge of a forlorn hope; he had evidently no time to waste on conventionalities." There is also a mention of Oxford House and its head, under the pseudonym of Balliol House, and Mr. Wingate, whose hopeful sermon helps the almost discouraged East End worker heroine. We think from his sermons, which we have heard and read, that those from the head of Oxford House are always calculated to "discount all toils, medicine all griefs with hope," and his belief in, and message of, hope must be a fund of strength to workers round him. The frightful abuses of under-letting are very truly told. The heroine receives £1,200 per annum for a small court of twenty-four houses, every room occupied by a whole family or more; the man who pays the £1,200 has a twenty-five years' lease, and makes £4,000 a year by extorting it from the wretched occupants, mostly Italian and Irish, engaged in the fur trade. The sole remedy, and that a very distant one, is to

¹ L. T. Meade.

move the authorities to pull down the houses as "unfit for human habitation." But though that is being much done now, still there are many terrible plague spots in the day of dwellings in London, and some of our other large cities, of which Jasper Court and its abominations are only too faithful a picture.

"Stephen Remarx" has been so much read that it may seem superfluous to give any extracts, but also it is so much in the front rank of books describing London clergy that we cannot pass it over. Stephen Remarx, the enthusiastic, eager-hearted young curate who goes to St. Titus, Hoxton, is the "very antipodes" of his vicar. He "came up from Oxford brimming over with social enthusiasm. He had studied Political Economy, he had read all the Socialistic literature of the day, and devoured his *Daily Chronicle*; he had frequented Pusey House; he had read both the Booths, the "General" William and the more particular Charles; he had dived into the reports, and attended the meetings in connection with Oxford House and Toynbee Hall; he had formed in his mind an idea of East London Church work, very different from that which he found at St. Titus." How different will be seen from this picture of the Vicar! "Doctor Bloose did not visit the sick, because he had a tendency to faint away if the walls of the room in which he might happen to be were less than fourteen feet high. He seldom rubbed up against his parishioners, for fear of receiving from them an addition to the liveliness of his person. He had once during a sermon seen what he at first thought was a Protestant miracle; one of the ink blots on his manuscript began to move across the page as if on legs, suddenly realizing that it was no blot, but one of those marvels of the universe which owe more for the pleasure of existence to the carelessness of man than to the care of the Creator. The good doctor turned a deadly white, and, regardless of the fact that he was in the midst of convincing his little flock of the absurdities of Pantheism, he fled down

the pulpit stair and, gathering up the skirts of his Geneva gown, raced down the aisle and into the vicarage, nearly knocking over Mrs. Bloose, who was at that moment triumphantly carrying a pink 'shape' into the dining-room, which she had been coaxing all the morning to stand up straight in the dish. Mrs. Bloose was not a prepossessing person. She would have made a moderately successful monthly nurse. As the doctor's wife she was a failure. She could not enter into the subtleties of her husband's sermons. To her it mattered little whether evolution could be made to square with Christianity, or Darwin with Moses. But neither could she take a mothers' meeting, nor keep a servant. Thirty-three cooks had come and gone in twenty years, and now she managed the kitchen herself. The doctor and the dinner suffered in consequence; but, as she remarked to the female pew-opener, 'Anything for a quiet life.'

The responsibility of private patronage is just alluded to, when Stephen Remarx is given a valuable West End living. "Well, hang it," said the Marquis, with a levity scarcely consistent with the sacred duty of appointing a spiritual father for twelve thousand souls, "hang it, I don't care who has the beastly living; all parsons are equally cussed in my eyes nowadays." His sense of responsibility is about equal to that of a patron we have met, who, on being told two clergymen were waiting to see him, because of a living in his gift being vacant, vowed to bestow it on either one who wore a beard!

Whyte Melville is an instance of an author who is delightful when he writes on subjects in which he is at home, but who flounders about terribly when he touches on others. We should suppose his idea as to a clergyman would be that if a parson rode straight he could not go far wrong, and he describes *con amore* Parson Dove and the pretty Miss Cissy. But the heroine in "Uncle John" is made to work impossible miracles, when, as a cure for disappointed love, she takes to going down

to Smithfield periodically to visit the poor, and *within a few months* reforms the drunkards, saves the policemen from the brutality of fighting ruffians, educates the children, and reforms all the homes. More wonders still happen when her wedding takes place, as two hundred of her humble friends line the street in her honor on either side of the church door. How so many of the poorest of the poor can get away from their work is not stated. It is Whyte Melville who gives us a wicked parson, Abner Gale, in his Exmoor romance of "Katerfelto." And yet Abner Gale, with all his schemes of murder and treachery, claims our pity as we more or less know the demon of jealousy which possesses him, and we also feel for him having his deep-seated love rejected.

It is perhaps being behind the scenes in novels which in general prevents us making such harsh judgments as we do in real life. The axiom is always true that *savoir tout c'est pardonner tout*. Like the critic in art, so the author too ought to have a sympathy almost divine in its universality, and be able to show us the hidden workings of a soul, so that we should feel the temptations, and not only as in life see alone the fall or the conquest. The student of character ought also to perceive that what are narrowly called the defects of any kind of art that is really a genuine product of human nature are truly inseparable from its qualities, and if rightly considered will be found to be qualities themselves. So Hamerton remarks on art, and we believe the same regarding authorship.

The really bad cleric in fiction is rather conspicuous by his absence; sometimes one is just mentioned, painted very black to throw up by contrast the shining whiteness of his successor. Bute Crawley was a very common type of man of the early part of this century; it was a time when the ideal of what Church work should be was very low, or we might say, in most cases, non-existent. Even hard drinking was considered, if not exactly as a virtue, still hardly a vice, and Bute Crawley was often like too many of his

cloth when he was "problematically pious, and indubitably drunk." Even in Miss Austen's books, which we mentioned just now, Edmund Bertram is the only one who regards Holy Orders as at all a sacred calling; the others seem to look on their livings simply as an aid to their marrying. It was during the Oxford movement and later that higher standards for the clerical life were held up in fiction, notably in books by Rev. W. Gresly and Rev. F. E. Paget. The "Owlet of Owlestone Edge," by the latter, is a series of sketches of clergymen's wives; there is the society woman, the hypochondriacal invalid, the fast and flirting wife, the learned one, and the too affectionate wife, who is always fearful of her husband doing too much for his health, and so succeeds in making him do far too little for his parish; lastly, there is the perfect wife, the true helpmeet, who, like Catherine Elsmere, had her heart and soul in her husband and her work, teaching, nursing, making herself the mother and friend of all around her. "The Curate of Cumberworth" is an amusing story of an over-zealous young man, who begins work in too much haste, but experience does it, as Mrs. Micawber would say, and though he flounders into many scrapes, eventually everything comes right. "The Vicar of Roost" gives us a contrast somewhat like Stephen Remarx of a self-indulgent vicar, thoroughly careless of his parish and unfit for his post, and his self-denying and high principled curate, whose only fault is that he is *too* meek and unselfish.

We have spoken of the East End missionary; there are many more sketches of him than of a missionary to foreign lands, of whom indeed we only remember two: St. John in "Jane Eyre" and Norman May in "The Daisy Chain." Miss Yonge depicts Norman fresh from gaining honors at Oxford, and with her two: St. John in "Jane Eyre" and career, political or other, that he should adopt, giving up all former ambitions, being ordained, to go as missionary to New Zealand, enthusiasm spurring him on amid the objections of many who

thought such a promising youth wasted.

Miss Yonge has several good clerical sketches. Robert Fulmort takes orders from mixed motives, unhappiness in love for one, but a stronger reason is to atone for the harm worked by his father's gin distilleries, by giving up himself and his money to try and stem some of the evils which had suddenly become known to him. Maurice Ferrars is another favorite character of ours, and Clement Underwood we regard with mixed feelings; he is a cocky, disagreeable boy at first, and then a priggish young curate, but real hard work conscientiously done, and the deepening experience of life, eventually make him a thorough-going earnest priest, able later on to worthily take Robert Fulmort's place as head of his clergy-house and London parish. We suspect, however, that Clement would always have the narrow-mindedness of one leading idea, and be unable to extend much sympathy to those who did not see things exactly as he did. There is a rather amusing incident when Clement is at his first curacy (a very High Church one), and goes to see some connections at a distance, and is asked whereabouts his curacy is. He tells, expecting to have the name received in horror, but all the party are quite out of reach of the thermometer of London churches. This, by the way, sounds ideal, but it was only that the party were ignorant of the differences, not that they rose superior to "high," "low," and "broad." The "Three Brides" has a good rector and curate; the latter goes madly in for cricket, but has a pull-up in time by the bishop deferring his priesthood, and he atones for previous carelessness by his self-sacrifice when the parish has a break-out of typhoid fever. The rector's bride when coming to her new home questions her husband about society round, but all he knows of it is that they will be within reach of Doctor Easterby, "one of the greatest lights of the English Church," which to her is scarcely an answer.

Of clergy like those on one page of

Crockford, "who have renounced their Orders," there is "George Gelth" (Mrs. Riddell), who becomes accountant in the City, and Mr. Hale in "North and South," the novel which we think is the most charming of all Mrs. Gaskell has written. That she, in her tales of country-town society, of doctors, lawyers, land-agents, and country squires, should so seldom mention any clergy seems rather curious, but probably the reason lies in her family having been Dissenters, and she must have seen less of rectory and vicarage life than of ministers' households, one of which she describes in "Ruth." By the way, one of the most delicious bits in delightful old "Cranford" is when Aga Jenkins is taking in the pompous and Honorable Mrs. Jamieson with his traveller's tales. "Yes, my dear madam, they were heathen—some of them I regret to say were even Dissenters!"

In "The Heart of Life"¹ we meet with three very individual characters in Canon Bulman, Doctor Clitheroe, and Mr. Godolphin; in all three the reader becomes immensely interested, and the tragic endings of two of them come upon him with quite a shock! Doctor Clitheroe, the D.D., not benefited, but holding an important post (connected with Reports on Education) under government. The reader, who like all his many friends, is taken with his unselfish, unworldly, serious, and beautiful character, is terribly taken aback in volume three to discover in him a fraudulent speculator, who is justly condemned to seven years' penal servitude. "He was a genius," said Lord Wargrave. "Invalid ladies to whom he administered the sacrament were his principal clients. No one else that I know has managed to live off the Gospel in precisely the same way." "Mr. Godolphin was happy in the double consciousness of valid priestly orders and £3,000 a year. His voice had as many tones in it as an harmonium, and he was able, therefore, to modulate it in a beautifully sympathetic manner.

¹ The Heart of Life (W. H. Mallock).

In appearance he was like a statue of dignity culminating in a bust of beneficence." One of the most touching things in this clever book is the sermon which Mr. Godolphin preaches in the North Devon village where Doctor Clitheroe has lived, and been known and beloved, the Sunday after his disgrace has been made public; Mr. Godolphin, who is charitable but upright, shows both qualities on that occasion, when he makes evident he can hate the sin and yet love the sinner.

Canon Bulman had a different charity—he had the sort which *believed all things* when said in the way of scandal; he delighted so much in abhorring vice that he was always talking of it. He busied himself so much in pointing out the way they should go to others, that he comes to shipwreck himself. This is how he is described at the beginning of the book: "Canon Bulman had all the air of a sanguine and strenuous traveller on the road of duty, of hard work, and of preferment; his devotion to democratic principles was only equalled by his taste for aristocratic persons." It was the Canon's reading prayers which is mistaken by a listener for the equally monotonous sound of grinding coffee. Bishop Bloomfield's household devotions for each day in the week had been used at Glenlynn for more than half a century, and the aforesaid listener "could not suppress a smile when he heard the Canon, obviously much against the grain, constrained to prefer the following petition to Providence: 'Make us humble to our superiors; affable to our equals; kind and condescending to the poor and needy.' It was a petition, however, of which the Canon need have had no personal fear, for it was plain when he rose from his knees that in his case it had not been answered."

The best account of the construction of a sermon we think we ever met with is in "Thirlby Hall," by W. E. Norris. We will give it *in extenso* with the description of the church: "The next day being Sunday, my uncle and I of course went to church in the morning. The old, square seat in which we sat, with

its worm-eaten boards, its green balze curtains above them, and its shabby cushions and hassocks; the faint musty smell for which partly damp, and partly the remains of our decaying ancestors were responsible; the village choir in the gallery bawling out 'I will arise,' to the accompaniment of various musical instruments, which had always been dimly associated in my mind with King Nebuchadnezzar and his image of gold—all these things brought back vividly to me the days of my boyhood; days that seemed then far more remote than they do now. I am afraid my mind was a good deal more occupied with memories and vain regrets than with the prayers and the rector's subsequent homily. This, like all his discourses, was constructed on time-honored and unvarying lines. Firstly—What was so and so? was it this? No. Was it that? No. Was it something else altogether improbable? Again no. What then was it which led to the agreeable discovery that after all it was very much what the untutored mind would have pronounced it to be at first sight? Secondly—How was this doctrine illustrated by examples from Holy Writ? Examples from Holy Writ numerous, and more or less apposite followed. Finally, brethren, how did this great truth come home to all of us? The unsatisfactory conclusion being, that it ought to come home to us all in many ways, but that, by reason of the hardness of our hearts, it didn't. Then there was a great scuffling of hob-nailed boots, a great sigh of relief, and we were dismissed. This is an amusing and faithful sketch, but it is only a surface one, and cannot compare with that given in "Adam Bede" of the church and its service on the Sunday that poor "Thias Bede is buried. That is a poem in prose; the description of the farm left to Sunday peacefulness, the family walk through the fields, the quaint old fashions in the church, the old clerk, the gallery, and the turning up; and lastly, the vicar, Mr. Irwine, looking round on his people, "in his ample white surplice that became him so well, with his pow-

dered hair thrown back, his rich brown complexion, and his finely cut nostril and upper lip; there was a certain virtue in that benignant yet keen countenance, as there is in all human faces from which a generous soul beams out."

Speaking of sermons reminds us of Becky suggesting that Rawdon Crawley might "go into the church," and of her preaching an imaginary sermon for him. No doubt she would have been able to do it with "forty-parson power," as Byron says!

The clergyman who takes to tutoring simply and solely to raise his income, without any natural aptitude for the work, is well given in the "Mill on the Floss." How many marriages we hear of on a very small living, with the *ignis fatuus* of pupils, and how many a poor couple find later that it is a sorry case of first catch your hare; but the poverty of clerical incomes is an increasing difficulty, more now than when the "Mill on the Floss" came out. We hear of clergy giving up livings, emigrating and taking to farming as an alternative to starving in England. It seems almost as though the clerical status must be altered, and our clergy will have to become celibate, or work at some manual labor like some Dissenting ministers throughout the week, leaving their spiritual duties for Sundays. George Eliot speaks of the parson-tutor thus: "There are two expensive forms of education, either of which a parent may procure for his son by sending him as a solitary pupil to a clergyman; one is the enjoyment of the reverend gentleman's undivided neglect; the other is the endurance of the reverend gentleman's undivided attention. . . . In those less favored days than these it is no fable that there were other clergymen besides Mr. Stelling who had narrow intellects and large wants, and whose income by a logical confusion to which Fortune, being a female as well as blind-fold, is peculiarly liable, was proportioned not to their wants but to their intellect; there was but one way of raising their income; any of those

low callings in which men are obliged to do good work at a low price were forbidden to clergymen; was it their fault if their only resource was to turn out very poor work at a high price?

"Fathers cast their sons on clerical instruction to find them ignorant after many days. The state of mind in which you take a billiard cue or a dice box in your hand is one of sober certainty compared with that of old-fashioned fathers like Mr. Tulliver, when they selected a school or a tutor for their sons."

Men have various reasons for taking Holy Orders; among bad reasons are, *solely* because of a family living, weariness of some other profession, or as a means of a social rise, and this last view is spoken of in "Alton Locke," when the tailor-hero goes to see his cousin at Cambridge. The latter says, "I have chosen the right road, and shall end at the road's end; and I advise you—for really as my cousin I wish you all success, even for the mere credit of the family—to choose the same road likewise."

"What road?"

"Come up to Cambridge by hook or by crook, and then take Orders."

Alton laughed scornfully. "My good cousin, it is the only method yet discovered for turning a snob (as I am, or was) into a gentleman; except putting him into a heavy cavalry regiment. My brother, who has no brains, preferred the latter method. I, who flatter myself that I have some, have taken the former. If you are once a parson all is safe. Be you who you may before, from that moment you are a gentleman. No one will offer an insult. You are good enough for any man's society. You can dine at any nobleman's table. You can be friend, confidant, father confessor if you like to the highest woman in the land; and if you have person, manners, and common sense marry one of them into the bargain, Alton, my boy."

That character is fate is shown in the short after history of this despicable sneak, who had the tailor-soul ingrained, though he prided himself on rising so

'far above the tailor social scale; he succeeds in his matrimonial ideal, but soon after, bent on making appearance beyond what he could afford, he ordered clothes at a price which, as he well knew from his London parochial experiences, would entail the miserable makers being paid at sweating prices. His coat during the making is laid as the sole covering over the body of a poor woman who had died of typhus fever. The wearer catches the same disease and dies; the direct consequence of knowingly grinding the faces of the poor; truly a just Nemesis!

The intense interest in the "Silence of Dean Maitland" lies mostly in the terrible lengths to which the hero carries on his self-deception. His moral cowardice had been shown in childhood, when he had allowed a friend to be punished in his place, just as later he allows him to be sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. Cyril Maitland might have risen from his very fall, as the abasement of his own fall and the terrible sense of having wrought the ruin of another—he had led a young girl astray—stirred the yet unawakened depths of his nature, and kindled the first faint beginnings of deeper moral and spiritual life. Had he but possessed the courage and strength of will to accept the consequences, to confess where confession was due, and to atone as far as atonement was possible, he might have recovered moral health, and even happiness, and he might have led a noble, if not perhaps a happy life, deriving strength from his very weakness. As it was he lived on in unconfessed guilt, drugging his conscience, till when preaching as Dean in his own cathedral the sudden sight of his former friend, just released from prison, swept away all subterfuges. The next Sunday he preached again, and before an immense congregation, but it was to make a public confession of his sins. It is a curious psychological study, and a painful one. He is supposed to possess immense spiritual influence.

"There was something in Dean Maitland's way of regarding sin and sinners

which opened the darkest recesses of people's hearts to him, and men had not feared to pour into his sympathizing ear things which it froze the blood to hear. Very tender was the healing hand he laid upon sick souls—tender, but firm. No one knew better than he the remedies which alone can heal such deadly maladies, although like many physicians of the body he had not the strength of will to apply his prescriptions to his own case." A minor character in this novel is the Rev. George Everard, at first a strong Evangelical, and later an advanced Ritualist, whose glory is that he undergoes a year's imprisonment for contumacy to his bishop. It is a curious point in the book that, excepting the scene in court, all the most dramatic incidents occur in church; the young curate, Cyril's sermon on keeping innocence; the Dean's on friendship, interrupted painfully by the sudden sight of his injured friend; the next sermon, which is his confession and ends with his death; and the christening service which Cyril takes for his father, and unexpectedly baptizes his own child, to whom is given the name of the man he has murdered! All who are fond of Winchester will enjoy the pretty descriptions of the old cathedral town of Belminster, and the picture of the loving and cultured family home-circle of the Maitlands, in their rectory a few miles away from Belminster, is most charming.

Charlotte Brontë, in "Shirley," tells us of a large north-country parish with three curates, the cheery, good-hearted little Sweeting; the pompous and stupid Malone; and Donne, with his stultified and unmovable self-conceit, his incurable narrowness of mind. Their rector, Mr. Helstone, had certainly missed his vocation; he should have been a soldier, and circumstances made him a priest; for the rest, he was a conscientious, hard-headed, hard-handed, brave, stern, implacable, faithful little man; one almost without sympathy, as his lonely little niece found, ungente, prejudiced, and rigid; but a man true to principle, honorable, sagacious, and sincere. You cannot, as Charlotte Brontë remarks, always cut out men to fit their professions, and he had one duty and pleasure

à la militaire—he was commander-in-chief to his leash of curates, and to most of his parishioners. Mrs. Humphrey Ward speaks of the old and new order of north country clergy, and says that the primitive clerical order in the Westmoreland and Cumberland valleys, who were of the same level as their parishioners, have disappeared, and that the change is emphasized by the disappearance also of the old parsonage houses with their stone floors, and their parlor lustrous with oak carving on chest or dresser in favor of new trim mansions designed to meet the needs, not of peasants, but of gentlefolks. Rejoice in it as we may, in this final passage of Parson Primrose to social regions beyond the ken of Farmer Flamborough, there are some elements of loss, as there are in all changes.

The scientist is very rare in our clerical picture-gallery; one of the few we recollect is the ardent botanist in G. M. Fenn's "One Maid's Mischief," who exchanges his living in England for a chaplaincy in the Straits Settlements, and when imprisoned by an angry rajah, forgets all dangers in the absorbing interest he finds in that part of a tropical forest where he is allowed to walk. One difficulty in the way of scientific study for clergy is of course lack of time; geology, for instance, means too often the very occasional reading of a new work on it, or exploring, with hammer and chisel during a brief holiday. Professor Galton somewhere remarks that in his experience of the councils of scientific societies, it is very rare to find clergymen thereon, and the pursuit of science he considers must be uncongenial to the priestly character. Another hindrance than want of time is that the training and habits of a mind devoted to natural science *may* render faith in some cases more difficult, and many minds shun a path which half unconsciously they believe to lead into temptation. The scientific attitude of mind has been described as the patient refusal to attenuate or discard a fact because it will not fit into a system; the determined hope that whatever things are true have further truth to teach if only they are held fast and fairly dealt with.¹ The sincerely scientific mind

shows such tenacity as that under every trial of its faith and patience, howsoever long and unpromising and unrelieved, for it knows itself responsible, not for attainment, but for perseverance, not for conquest, but for loyalty. It was the impatience in the perplexity of combining old faith with new knowledge which, when Darwinism first appeared, drove some Christian believers into atheism, some into agnosticism, and made others for fear of losing faith close their ears to science. There are more clerical scientists now, but they are few and far between, so we cannot be surprised that they are not much to the fore in our fiction. Robert Elsmere shows how useful even a smattering of science may be in a parish: "Outside his sermons and his school his Natural History Club had perhaps most of his heart, and the passion for science, little continuous work as he was able to give it, grew on him more and more. He kept it up as best he could, working with one hand, so to speak, when he could not spare two; and in his long rambles over moor and hill, gathering in with his quick eye a harvest of local fact wherewith to feed their knowledge and his own."

Robert Elsmere might almost be called the clerical novel, *par excellence*—we suspect a good many good people of orthodox views, in a narrow sense, will wish to dispute this—because it has the most perfect descriptions of an almost ideal life of a rector and rectress, without leaving out the parochial troubles of agent, bad cottages, and the normal difficulties. The squire, of course, is a very *abnormal* one!

Clerical-scientific tastes are also touched upon in "Middlemarch"; Lydgate thus speaks of Mr. Farebrother: "I never heard such good preaching as his—such plain, easy eloquence. He would have done to preach at St. Paul's Cross, after old Latimer. His talk is just as good about all subjects—original, simple, clear. I think him a remarkable fellow; he ought to have done more than he has done."

"Why has he not done more?" said Dorothea, interested now in all who had slipped below their own intentions.

¹ *Life of George Romanes.*

"That's a hard question," said Lydgate. "I find myself that it's uncommonly difficult to make the right thing work; there are so many strings pulling at once. Farebrother often hints that he has got into the wrong profession; he wants a wider range than that of a poor clergyman, and I suppose he has no interest to help him on. He is very fond of natural history and various scientific matters, and he is hampered in reconciling these tastes with his position. . . . He is one of the most blameless men I ever knew. He has neither venom nor doubleness in him, and those often go with a more correct outside. . . . I don't pretend to say he is apostolic; his position is not quite like that of the apostles; he is only a parson among parishioners whose lives he has to try and make better. Practically, I find that what is called being apostolic now is an impatience of everything in which the parson doesn't cut the principal figure."

"A jest may catch him whom a sermon flies," and clerical readers may find a good many hints in fiction to account for their non-success in many things, of which otherwise they might remain ignorant. It is a great drawback to clergy generally that they so seldom hear the frank opinion of individual laymen. It was one of the surprises met by George Geith when, after renouncing Orders, he found himself with those who, ignorant of his ever having been a parson, criticized the clergy, church, and services with much greater freedom than they would otherwise have done. A parson friend of ours has told us that when he is in a railway carriage wearing an ulster, the conversation of the other men is much more unrestrained—we do not mean *bad*, but in the sense of more freedom of opinion—than it is if he displays his clerical garb. One thing which tends to keep the clergy rather narrow is that so frequently the majority of their friends are of their own profession, and in the clerical, as in all other professions, moving in one circle of thought and ideas tends to narrowness, and the talking of "shop." Clergy, more than any others, should feel bound if possible to have some interest quite apart from their

parish, and some mind against which to rub, with quite a different stream of thought to their own. Adam Bede hits a nail on the head when he explains why Mr. Ryde, Mr. Irwine's successor, failed in his parish. "I believe he meant right at bottom; but you see he was sourish-tempered, and was for beating down prices with the people as worked for him, and his preaching wouldn't go down well with *that* sauce." And Robert Elsmere's sigh, when a friend calls him inventive, a propos of his relating stories from Shakespeare, Scott, and Dumas to his parishioners—"Inventive!—If we were inventive as a body, the Church wouldn't be where she is in the rural districts."

To comfort the fallen and help the helpless is, or should be, in the ideal scheme of every clergyman's life. Foremost as an example is Mr. Eden, the chaplain of the prison in Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend." He voluntarily subjects himself to the same torture, and the dungeon whose darkness may be felt, which he sees each day inflicted by the cruel gaoler upon the unhappy, hopeless prisoners. We read in a Devonshire paper last year the *true history* of those prison atrocities, and found that Charles Reade's novel, though very terrible, could never be termed exaggerated. Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie in her pretty fairy tales translated into modern life makes "Jack the Giant-killer" to appear in the character of an energetic, enthusiastic young fellow, ever battling against abuses. He takes duty as a workhouse chaplain *pro tem.*, and there fights a successful battle against cruelty, carelessness, and inefficiency of master, matron, and board.

At the time Anthony Trollope began to write about the clergy he had never lived in any cathedral city except London, never had known anything of any Close, and had never enjoyed any peculiar intimacy with any clergy. He had a genius for describing people as they are, and his strong imagination enabled him to throw himself into their surroundings. It was not so precisely with his political novels, as there he had more personal knowledge to go upon; he had been eager to enter the political

world himself, and though he failed to secure a seat in the House of Commons, and never again tried for one, he had many political acquaintances, and knew all the ins and outs of political life, as is so well shown in "Phineas Finn," and all the history of Plantagenet Palliser. But, after all, it is nature which is the basis of a successful novel, and if an author can depict perfectly natural men and women, he will not find 't impossible to imagine their environment, and substitute, say, the hopes and fears, loves and ambitions of rectory, deanery, and palace for those of Westminster. Perhaps also there are only a few characters really dissimilar, just as Balzac says there are but seven original stories in the world; and if the author has those few characters clear to his mental vision he can ring numberless changes by various influences brought to bear upon them, hereditary, environment, and other modifications, only they must be true to nature, and it is in that point that Trollope succeeds. We hope the fashion for his books will revive; at present he seems very little known to many readers. We even heard some one ask recently, à propos of a picture of Du Maurier's in *Punch* of two clergymen discussing the Deanery of Barchester, "Have not I heard of Barchester somewhere? Where is it?" We must confess to never thinking it natural to read "Barchester Towers," "The Last Chronicles of Barset," "The Claverings," "Framley Parsonage," and others in any shape but the *Cornhill Magazine* or the old original editions, whose illustrations are indissolubly linked in our minds with the story; Mr. Crawley teaching in his school at Hoggstock, Lily Dale and the croquet hoops, Mr. Saul holding the umbrella over Fanny Clavering, but best of all Archdeacon Grantley riding, walking, reading the bill of sale of Cosby Lodge, always extra-archidiaconal, large and imposing in person as becomes one who, if not quite a county magnate, is at least a diocesan one, looking, in short, a real archdeacon down to the ground. He is

always acknowledged to be one of Trollope's cleverest conceptions; occasionally we think of him at his worst, as a self-opinionated, pompous, disagreeable man; then we see him at his best at his father's and his father-in-law's death-beds; we see him quick to appreciate the humility and holiness of Mr. Harding's life, and the beauty of Grace's character is very speedily observed by him; we see him yet again, arrogant and worldly, proud of his daughter as a marchioness, proud of heading the anti-Proudie party. His enmity to the bishop and his circle give some of the most amusing bits in the book, but one is heartily glad when at last he buries the hatchet at the sight of the poor little bishop (still broken down from his marital troubles) coming to join in the universal regret and respect paid by all Barchester at the funeral of Mr. Harding. The testimony of the archdeacon to his father-in-law after Mr. Harding's death is touching both for the subject, and as coming from so worldly a man: "I have known him ever since I left college, and I have known him as one man seldom knows another. There is nothing he has done—as I believe, nothing he has thought—with which I have not been cognizant. I feel sure that he never had an impure fancy in his mind, or a faulty wish in his heart. His tenderness has surpassed the tenderness of woman, and yet when an occasion came for showing it he had all the spirit of a hero . . . the fact is, he never was wrong. He lacked guile and he feared God. And a man who does both will never go far astray. I don't think he ever coveted aught in his life—except a new case for his violoncello, and somebody to listen to him when he played it." The vigor of Archdeacon Grantley's hatred was showered upon Mrs. Proudie, even more than on the "paltry little fool," as he terms his lordship. "I think you are a little hard upon Bishop Proudie," said Dr. Tempest.

"One can not be hard upon him," said the Archdeacon; "he is so scandalously weak, and she is so radically vicious, that they cannot but be wrong together."

¹ "What a shocking bad appointment to the Deanery of Barchester!" "Oh! I don't know. The usual qualifications: own brother to a peer, and a failure wherever he had been before."

Certainly he would have merited Dr. Johnson's praise!

Mr. Crawley, the perpetual curate of Hoggstock, is a sad picture of the poverty-stricken side of clerical life. He is a good scholar, but has to confine himself to his few old classics; his pride prevents him from going amid other educated people with whom, from his penury, he cannot mix on equal terms; and he sees no one beyond his family except the farmers and laborers in his parish. "I have worked as hard as you," is his pathetic confession to the successful lawyer, "and yet I cannot get bread. I am older than you, and *I cannot earn my bare bread.*" His little quaintnesses of speech bring home to the reader how he has lived in a world of books, instead of in one of people. He would say he had not a "scintilla of memory," and use old classical phrases instead of those in modern use. Any scholar will feel for the bitterly-tried, sensitive man, when he goes to the Deanery as a last hope to borrow some money, and there sees the library overflowing with rich treasures of literature, and he has not touched any book beyond his well-worn few at home for years! He has not a large family, fortunately, to weigh him down more hopelessly! there are only three, a *quiverful*—as some of our scholars have lately discovered that a quiver was first made to hold three arrows, and no more; so Trollope's name of Quiverful for the other poor parson who has twelve children is really a misnomer!

His behavior to Mr. Crawley is another point for which we feel an affection for the Archdeacon. Grantley! with all thy faults we love thee still!

The Claverings have some amusing conversations about a clergyman's position. They are an old county family of long standing, the squire and parson have always been Claverings, and any one not mentioned in "Landed Gentry" is a rank outsider. Consequently, there is great commotion when the curate, who is, according to them, "a nobody," dares to fall in love with Fanny Clavering!

As we have kept to parsons of this century we omit several we might other-

wise have mentioned—the Chaplain of the Fleet, our favorite Jack Brimblecombe, Dr. Tusher, Parson Primrose, and many others. We have not space either to speak of all the modern ones, such as Frank Headley, Mr. Gilfril, Mr. Osmond (who was such a good friend to Donovan and to Erica Raeburn), or the Rev. Charles Honeyman, who would of all men least like to be overlooked, though he might find consolation in the risqué novel which he pushed under the sofa cushion at the entrance of his last visitor. Parsons, after all, are used to being overlooked, we believe: at least the scientific reason for the majority being bald is that so many contemporaries are passed over their heads; they cannot all aspire to the Deanery of Barchester! Matthew Arnold says we all catch the contagion of getting on; it would be, perhaps, truer to say, the contagion of *wishing* to get on! We never intended leaving our old friend Parson Dale¹ out in the cold so long. He was an inveterate whist-player. As a general rule the rubber was played by Squire Hazeldean and his wife, who were both bad players, against the Parson, "who played a good, steady, parsonic game, with elevated voice and agitated gestures, laying down the law, quoting Hoyle, appealing to all the powers of memory and common sense against the very delinquencies by which he was enriched, with Captain Barnabas who has played at Graham's with honor and profit. It was a waste of eloquence that always heightened the hilarity of Mr. and Mrs. Hazeldean." Mrs. Dean did not play; if she had she might have vexed her husband, and been so vexed herself as to call him "Charles, dear," a term she always used when put out.

Bulwer Lytton pithily remarks that if that same "dear" could be thoroughly raked and hoed out of the connubial garden, the remaining nettles would not signify a button.

But how did Mrs. Dale employ her time? She had one talent in common with Mrs. Cadwallader and Mrs. Thornbrugh, *i.e.* matchmaking, and we may here remark that it always seems to us

¹ My Novel (Bulwer Lytton).

that match-making *pur et simple* is a rather laudable virtue, and generally unselfish when married people desire their friends to marry that they may be as happy as themselves, or the unmarried wish to prevent others from knowing the loneliness which has fallen to their lot. That marriages are made in heaven is a comfortable axiom for selfish people, as it saves them taking any trouble about their friends, but our three match-makers all thought they could help on Providence, so Mrs. Dale set herself to achieve a wonderful success in turning Jemina into Signora Riccabocca; Mrs. Cadwallader, with clever generalship when one plan fell through, instantly tried another, and when Dorothea Brooke refused Sir James, suggests to him how much more suitable to him in every respect was Cella! And one of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's most inimitable descriptions is that of a festal tea given by Mrs. Thornbrugh when she has decided to find a wife for Robert Elsmere. Mrs. Cadwallader's idea of wifely duty is, we think, quite uncommon—"I will go any where with you, Mrs. Cadwallader," Cella had said, "but I don't like funerals."

"Oh, my dear, when you have a clergyman in your family, you must accommodate your tastes; I did that very early. When I married Humphrey, I made up my mind to like sermons, and I set out by liking the end very much. That soon spread to the middle, and to the beginning, because I could not have the end without them."

We have now reviewed various clergy, town missionary, foreign missionary, tutor, botanist, cathedral clergy, country rectors, and town priests, with all colors and shades of opinion, who would form quite a church congress if brought together. Most of the characters described have, or have had, their prototypes in life; and, as it is one of the highest aims in art to present nature realistically, and yet with an appeal to our sympathy and admiration, so as we study some of these character-studies must we think highly of them, and yet more highly of the artists who have given them to us.

C. FORTESQUE YONGE,

From Blackwood's Magazine.

GOLF: ITS PRESENT AND ITS FUTURE.

The development of every branch of sport, and the growth of a strong public taste for taking part in or looking on at games, have been not the least striking features in the social life of the latter half of the Victorian era. Racing has an immeasurably larger following than it ever had before; cricket and football may be said without exaggeration to have become highly organized industries; while a frank appreciation of the steadily increasing supply of wealth poured into country districts by the shooting interest has led to an almost total cessation of the old cant against the game laws. No pastime, however, has undergone so wonderful an expansion in area and popularity as golf. Down to a date little more than ten years distant it was unknown to the great mass of Englishmen, and many Scotsmen who knew no better affected to despise it as an "old woman's game." But, just about the Jubilee year, that "d—d Scotch croquet," as the racquet-marker called it, obtained a footing south of the Tweed, and watering-places and "health-resorts" throughout the country began to realize that a piece of ground adapted by nature, or capable of adaptation by art, to the service of the game was among the most valuable of their assets. It had been well, perhaps, if this truth had dawned upon some municipalities a little sooner than it did. Musselburgh—the finest nine-hole course in the world and a sterling test of golf—might then have retained its old prestige, and even have kept the clubs—no unimportant matter for the burgh. *Dis aliter visum*; and it avails not to bemoan lost opportunities. It is more to the purpose to note that the golf infection has spared no class of the community. Without in the least assenting to Mr. Norris's sweeping dictum that golf is of all games the least interesting to look on at, we cannot think it comparable from the point of view of the spectator to cricket. Yet when a match of importance takes place on any accessible links in a tolerably pop-

ulous neighborhood, it is invariably followed by a crowd so large as to be almost unmanageable.

Many crazes come to-day and go to-morrow. Lawn-tennis, after enjoying a handsome share of favor, has sunk into comparative obscurity. But the rage for golf seems likely to be permanent, which is not, after all, surprising. That the game is fascinating will be denied by no one who, after vowing that he will never touch a club again, has turned up at the tee fresh and eager as ever on the following morning. It is suitable to all ages; the exercise it affords is sufficient without being violent; and, as games go, it makes but a moderate call upon the pocket. Yet we cannot but marvel sometimes at the misguided enthusiasm which makes men willing to play on courses eminently unsuited for the purpose. We call to mind an inland town in Scotland where, as the traveller approaches the railway station, his vision is arrested by a gigantic notice-board, proclaiming in large letters that the field in which it stands is the GOLF-COURSE. The announcement seems not only considerate as regards strangers, but highly prudent in the interests of the undertaking, for otherwise not even Sherlock Holmes could have suspected the existence of a golf-course at all. But it is needless to labor an acknowledged fact. The triumph of golf is so well assured that the game has almost ceased to find employment for the inspiration of the poet or the smartness of the paragraph-writer. There is a much less rich crop than formerly of grotesque blunders on the part of journalists; and a ball lying dead on the green is no longer supposed to be in an analogous position to a dead ball at cricket. Even the caricaturist has grown weary; and nearly twelve months must have elapsed since we last clapped eyes in the comic prints on any fancy picture of Mr. Arthur Balfour taking a full swing in an anatomically impossible attitude, or of his caddie teeing the ball on what would be large for a molehill. It is recognized by this time that the number of links which are severally alleged to have been pro-

nounced by Tom Morris "the best inland course in Scotland" is only equalled by the number of the "oldest inhabited houses" in that fortunate country; while the votary of the "sport of kings," as he speeds back from Epsom to London, may relieve the tedium of the journey and forget his losses by observing frequent snatches of play, and admiring the external splendor of more than one club house amid the typically English landscape of Surrey.

Considered from one point of view, the spread of golf has been an unmixed blessing. It has indefinitely prolonged the lives of many middle-aged and elderly gentlemen, and has furnished the cricketer with a pastime for the winter months in which he finds it at once congenial and honorable to excel. The most painful and laborious round, achieved in the most cramped, contorted, and wilfully depraved style, is more beneficial to health than many other modes of spending an afternoon. Yet it is only natural that those who played golf before the flood should sometimes think regretfully of bygone days. The development of the game has brought with it much to irritate the nerves—innovations in dress, for example. No man properly brought up can view without disgust the spectacle of a young man without a coat or hat, and with his shirt sleeves well rolled up, playing as though golf involved intense physical exertion, like prize-fighting. More serious is the overcrowding of many greens at certain periods of the year. The overwhelming rush of players involves the use of a starting-board, the entry of one's name overnight and the possibility of beginning one's morning round about a quarter of an hour before luncheon-time. St. Andrews in August and September is not precisely the place to get one's self comfortably "golfed," if we may employ an expressive Scottish idiom. The beauties of the Eden estuary are exhausted in a good deal less than twenty minutes, and three hours and a quarter is too long a time to spend upon merely eighteen holes.

Even worse is the quality of much of

the new play. It seems to occur to many persons ambitious of becoming expert in a popular game that the most convenient period of the year at which to master its rudiments is the summer, and the most suitable links that which is most crowded. They reckon nothing—doubtless they realize nothing—of the discomfort and annoyance they inflict on their fellow-creatures. The links are open to them as to all; and their lesson they must have. English golfers, it has been remarked by a cynic, may be divided into two classes; those who rush after their ball the moment it leaves the club, without paying the least attention to their opponent; and those who keep back everybody behind them by performing on each successive putting-green the elaborate sum in addition which is the indispensable preliminary of recording their score. The classification is not perhaps exhaustive; but the two varieties are sufficiently familiar and provoking. It is a fact that, while a third-class player nurtured in the atmosphere of the game will get round the course almost as quickly as a first-class player, many novices of more than equal capacity will waste an unconscionable amount of time. Yet waste of time is as nothing compared with waste of turf; and the appearance of almost any public links after a long and steady series of play bears too eloquent testimony, not only to the incompetence of many of the players, but also to a callous and systematic disregard of one of the primary duties of every golfer.

The grumbler, however, must own that, if a large proportion of those who have taken to the game within the last ten years consists of incurable and even obstructive duffers, the remaining fraction is composed of players of whom many are good and not a few excellent. The innumerable courses laid out by public or private enterprise, however poor some of them may be considered absolutely, were bound in the long-run to discover and cultivate latent genius. *A priori*, no doubt, the town of Aberdeen might as soon be expected to nourish in comfort and affluence a

thriving Jewish community as the Braid Hills to turn out a really first-class golfer. Yet the Braids, and the Braids alone, are responsible for Mr. Allan. We are not to open up the endless controversy whether the crack players of to-day are the equals or the superiors of the crack players of thirty or forty years ago. The question is necessarily incapable of a final and satisfactory answer in regard to golf, as indeed it is in regard to acting or to cricket. It has always been easy for old age or envy to detract from the merit of the moderns by unduly extolling the ancients; nor is any trick more characteristic of our own time—in letters as well as in sport—than the attempt to raise the moderns by pooh-poohing or patronizing the ancients. For our own part, while believing that Mr. Glennie's eighty-eight over St. Andrew's in 1855 was a performance which has never since been equalled, we believe that England in Taylor, Vardon, Mr. Ball, and Mr. Hilton (who atoned at Holyoke for most nervous and disappointing play at Muirfield), and Scotland in Messrs. Tait, Maxwell, Balfour-Melville, and Allan, possess a body of golfers capable of holding their own against those of any generation. It is always pleasant to hear a veteran praise the style of some hero of the past like old Willie Park. But we cannot wish for anything finer than Mr. Tait's, so instinct with force and vigor, yet so eminently graceful and free from effort. He alone, so it seems to us, has the true secret of blending strength with ease. Mr. Maxwell, great player, as he is, is too pressing; Mr. Allan is too easy, and lacks distinction. Yet they are both admirable golfers; and we strongly dissent from the view of those who hold that over Sandwich or St. Andrew's Mr. Allan would be out of the first flight. Such golf as he played at Muirfield would bring him into the front rank anywhere; and we are satisfied that, given the opportunity, he will not be found wanting on future occasions.

It would be uncivil in this connection to say nothing of the Ladies' Cham-

pionship Meeting which took place at Gullane towards the close of May. Golf is an excellent game for girls and women; and we rejoice that so many of them are proficient in the pastime. But we confess to an old-fashioned and ineradicable distaste for any competition in which women publicly take part. This year, to be sure, no book-makers graced the scene and bawled the odds against the competitors, generally distinguishing them by their Christian names; and that is in itself an improvement. The play is said to have been excellent, and the short game of many of the players to have been marvellous. Yet we like not the 'gallery,' or the publicity and advertisement, or the reporters' custom of speaking of the ladies as Brown, Jones, or Robinson, without the Miss or Mrs.¹

It is not, unfortunately, a very violent transition from the Ladies' Championship to the most formidable evil which has grown up with the growth of golf—the practice colloquially known as "pot-hunting." There were prizes at Gullane for the longest drive and the most accurate approach, and we daresay there will be one next year for the best-dressed lady golfer. In most places the mischief is rampant. Open the *Scotsman* any Monday morning, and you will find columns of reports of competitions for prizes, ranging from the richly chased silver-plated claret-jug (presented by the captain) to a bottle of his own far-famed blend of whiskey (presented by Mr. M'Pushion, the energetic and popular secretary), or even to half-a-dozen made-up balls ("generally gifted" by Glue & Guttie, the celebrated local club-makers). We know of no more melancholy reading than the pages of those journals devoted exclusively to the game in which are diligently set forth the scores of every fifth-rate player who may have competed in the course of the previous week for the

monthly or fortnightly medal of some pottering little club over some pottering little bit of meadow.

The complaint, it may be urged, is no new one; it has been uttered spasmodically before with practically no result. We sincerely trust it will often be heard again whenever there is need. For there happen to be two very cogent reasons why pot-hunting should be utterly discountenanced and discouraged. The first is, that it sets up a false ideal, by relegating to a "back seat" by far the most important part of the game—match-play. In any club where on every Saturday or holiday there are prizes to be played for, be sure that matches will be disregarded; and the supply of good and pleasant matches is one of the essential objects of a club's existence. If in every club, no matter how small or unpretending, a series of matches could be arranged under the auspices of the club during certain months of the year—matches in which no member should be debarred from taking part because he is a poor player—much would be done for promoting the best interests of golf, and for fostering the true spirit of the game.

The second reason why pot-hunting should be discouraged is, in plain English, that it exposes some persons to temptations which they appear totally unable to resist. Golf is a game in which it is at no time difficult for one so minded to take an unfair or illegitimate advantage of an opponent; and to do so is particularly easy in playing by strokes. No one familiar with provincial clubs of the second or third order, which depend for their very existence upon a large and therefore miscellaneous membership, can help having had the experience of being told with a wink that So-and-so went round last medal-day in seventy-two, and of being informed after luncheon that there was grave reason to doubt the accuracy of that reckoning. We draw no inference from the odious incident which robbed the final round in the Amateur Championship of all interest. Such an occurrence is practically unique, and none, happily, are so severe in de-

¹ Reporters, by the bye, seem to learn nothing and to forget nothing. Just as in racing the way is still regularly "paved" for the next race, and the favorite holds the "pride of place" in the market, so in golf people continue to "negotiate" hazards, to "give the long odds" (which sounds more like whist), and to "fozzle" puts.

nouncing the conduct of the caddie on that occasion as the caddies themselves. But those who have come most closely into contact with the state of matters which we have touched upon will be most readily disposed to join with us in welcoming any change which would lessen the opportunities and temptations to transgress either written or unwritten laws. Now in match-play, to conclude a painful topic, the chances of detection are greater than in the stroke-game.

The problem to be faced by the lovers of golf at the present time may be stated thus: Here is a vast number of people who have eagerly taken up a game, with the history, traditions, and spirit of which they were previously not merely unfamiliar, but absolutely unacquainted; how are they to be imbued with those traditions and with that spirit?

In so presenting the difficulty, we have no desire to deprecate the revised rules adopted by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club in 1891. On the contrary, we believe that a more intimate knowledge of the letter of that code is highly desirable. But it does not pretend to completeness or perfection, and it does not require a mind of unusual subtlety to suggest *aporiae* to which it provides no answer. It is designed not so much to instruct the ignorant as to refresh the flagging memory of the enlightened, and being susceptible of construction and interpretation, cannot be profitably digested without the assistance of tradition. Indeed, to devise a book of rules in which no holes could be picked is practically an impossibility.

It must be candidly acknowledged that the English clubs—preponderating in number and in membership—have hitherto shown a most proper and becoming docility in accepting the rules as they emanated from the fountain-head of authority. A few growls have been heard from time to time, chiefly, perhaps, on the part of Scots domiciled in England, and more English than the English themselves, who have dis-

played an indecent eagerness to alter the game for the worse; and that has been all. Yet a vague feeling is in existence that some central body should be called into being, authorized (1) to decide disputes under the existing rules, and (2) to take the initiative in further legislation where that seems desirable or necessary.

The question was informally discussed by the delegates at the Amateur Championship Meeting in 1896, and after considerable negotiation and correspondence had taken place, the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at their last autumn meeting unanimously appointed a special committee to formulate a detailed scheme on the following lines:—

1. A committee of fourteen to be appointed, seven members to be nominated by the Royal and Ancient, and the remaining seven by the following clubs, each nominating one member: Honorable Company, Prestwick, Royal Blackheath, Royal North Devon, Royal Liverpool, St. George's (Sandwich), and Royal Portrush. The chairman to be one of the Royal and Ancient representatives, and to have a casting, as well as a deliberative, vote.

2. This committee to meet twice a year—viz., at the spring and autumn meetings—at St. Andrew's.

3. No rule to be repealed or altered, and no new rule made, unless confirmed by a general meeting of the Royal and Ancient.

4. This committee to be the ultimate court of appeal on all questions relating to the interpretation of the rules and customs of the game as applied to particular cases.

The special committee so appointed drew up a scheme in obedience to the remit, giving effect to these suggestions; and the scheme submitted by them was rejected at the spring meeting of the Royal and Ancient by the narrow majority of three.

The opposition to the proposals implicitly sanctioned by the club last September consists of two parties. There are, in the first place, certain St. Andrew's veterans who are jealous for

the supremacy of their club. Their favorite formula is that St. Andrews is the Mecca—or the M.C.C.—of golf. Why, they ask, should English golf be treated with more consideration than Scottish cricket? To which the obvious answer is, that it will be a happy day for Scottish cricket when it enjoys one-tenth part of the prosperity enjoyed by English golf. In the second place, there is a certain number of highly respectable Scottish clubs, of which the Edinburgh Burgess may be taken as a type, which view with suspicion any attempt to infringe the prerogatives of St. Andrew's, which have no great liking for English golf or golfers, and which perhaps think that the list of clubs to be represented on the proposed committee might be altered or added to with advantage.

Upon these two classes of objectors the following considerations may be respectfully urged:—

Apart altogether from the practical certainty that many of the representatives of other clubs would also be members of the Royal and Ancient, the scheme effectually secures the continued hegemony of the latter by providing that the chairman shall be a St. Andrew's representative, that the meetings of the committee shall be held at St. Andrews, and that the sanction of a general meeting of the Royal and Ancient shall be an indispensable condition of the final repeal or alteration of an existing law, or the adoption of a new one. If the English clubs are prepared to consent to such conditions, what more can St. Andrew's desire? What more indeed does St. Andrew's at present enjoy? Why run a serious risk of forfeiting so substantial an advantage for the sake of maintaining a dignity which in a few years may be but nominal?

The ultimate rejection of the scheme seems to involve one or other of two consequences.

The first of these is anarchy. The English clubs will take the law into their own hands, and each links will have its own code. There will be no

thriving Jewish community as the for there will be no statute-book common to the whole golfing world. As we have already pointed out, the crying need of the time is the gradual education of new-comers in the traditions and spirit of the game. St. Andrews is the great repository of those traditions. But if St. Andrews, abandoning the arts of persuasion and forsaking sweet reasonableness, insists upon prosecuting her mission at the point of the sword, her labors will be in vain, and thousands of promising golfers who would have welcomed her beneficent influence if properly diffused, will be driven against their inclination into heresy and error.

The alternative to anarchy is even more shocking; we mean the formation of a "Golfers' Union." The project has never been accepted seriously in the past, and is only likely to win support if the Royal and Ancient Club assume an uncompromising attitude, and decline to yield the shadow in order to retain the substance. If such a proposal as the "Union" ever becomes an accomplished fact, where will Scotland stand? Where the Burgess Club? Rich, prosperous and deservedly respected as it is, these attributes will no more avail it in the evil day than the beautiful policies which it occupies as a golf-links. The Royal and Ancient itself will be but as one among many. One club, one vote, will be the watchword; and the decision of that illustrious society will weigh no more in the balance than the decision of Little Peddlington or Moreton-in-the-Marsh.

The issue at stake is momentous, and we earnestly trust that at next autumn meeting the Royal and Ancient will revert to the wise policy of last year. They will thus ensure, as far as human foresight can, the continuity and perpetuation of those traditions without which golf is robbed of all its charm, degenerates into an occasion for wrangling and hair-splitting, and emphatically ceases to be a game for gentlemen, or indeed for intelligent human beings.

From *Les Annales*.

MORALITY IN THIRTY HOURS.

I was reading the other day in a recent number of the *Revue Universelle* a very interesting article by Mme. L. M. Camus on the organization of our girls' schools, and the education furnished there.

Among the suggestions which Mme. Camus submits to our criticism there is one which I want to set before the great public of the *Annales*—I ask permission to quote the precise words of the author of the article:—

"Certain courses we must hope will be immediately altered and later entirely withdrawn, as, for example, the course in ethics given the third year. . . . It must be emphatically maintained that only family life can form the conscience. Practically this course, where, in thirty hours, the most serious problems of the human soul are treated, can have no other effect on pupils who take an interest in it than that of raising in their minds too many "*ichys*" which disturb them and which our assertions seldom appease."

I am delighted that this point has at last been reached. I know no more foolish and useless branch of instruction than this, for the excellent reason that rectitude is not to be dealt out in slices, but must permeate the soul day by day and drop by drop.

Mme. Camus tells us that, when the examinations come on, the pupils, hurriedly reviewing the course and making ready for the coming questions, carry on dialogues of this description: "Do you know your *ownership*? I've got to *duties to parents*, and I can't get them into my head." You would think, the lady adds, that you were in a convent at the time of the general confession, when the lazier girls, distressed to see their note-books empty, beg in whispers of one another: "Lend me your sins!"

"No," she says in conclusion, "I know no more false, disagreeable, unsensible impression than that produced by the *Quiz on Morals* during the final examinations. You feel a certain shame as the words "law" and "duty" come trippingly from the lips of these young girls,—sacred words which should only be uttered with respect."

It seems to me that these remarks are

perfectly just. Ethics is not an isolated science, it is in a way the flower of all other instruction. There is no lesson on any conceivable subject which ought not or may not be at the same time a lesson in ethics because there is not one which may not serve to bring a surer balance to the mind, a better bias to the soul. Rectitude is the ultimate solution, present in every half-discerned truth, every fully realized beauty. The professor of science or of history, who is able to inspire by his example conscientiousness in research, exactitude in the description of events, extreme care in deduction and in the choice of the appropriate word, does more for the character itself than any dissertation. It is evident that after this training the judgment will be ready for no compromise with falsehood, slander, heedlessness or injustice whether of word or deed.

I remember a book which is, to my thinking, one of the best educational treatises in the world. It is quite out of favor, now-a-days, in the university, and I am sorry for it. It was the "*Selectæ*." As its name indicates, it was a selection of the finest precepts of the philosophy of the ancients and the most instructive anecdotes of the life once lived in Greece and Rome. We were kept translating it from the sixth to the second grade; it was the book we kept under our pillow.

All our professors saw in it, no doubt, was a means of giving us a better knowledge of Latin. For, made up as it was of fragments from the best writers of old Rome, its style was excellent. But it had a tremendous influence upon our youthful years. It was there that we learned by fits and starts as the days went by, though no definite lessons were set us, that we ought to be good, just, merciful, brave, even heroic, that we must love our parents, help our friends, give up all for our country, that we must keep our word, set no store by wealth, be cautious in our judgments, show respect to our superiors,—and the rest of it. There was a little of everything in that book, and it was really impossible for the professor, as we stumbled over a page with him, not to call our attention, by the way, to the honor

or disgrace involved in a given anecdote. That was the way that ethics permeated our young souls, without any one's noticing it, without our even becoming conscious of it ourselves. And the impression must have been as lasting as it was gradual, for later, when I began to reflect, when I reached the age at which you begin to make your conscience, when you sort over the ideas you have acquired, and discard those you do not believe in, then I found within me certain prejudices which had their root—and very vigorous roots they were!—in that early education. I admired with my whole heart Harmodius and Aristogelton killing the tyrant, Brutus condemning his own sons to death, Cato committing suicide, and I went into ecstasies over Scipio's self-restraint, though it was really but an act of common honesty.

There were some *lacunæ* in the old code of morals, we must admit. But what I want to make clear is that Ethics is not a matter for specialized instruction. It is the annex, or, if you dislike that word, the soul of literary education. What course on the passions could show more clearly fear, scorn and pity than "Andromaque," "Britannicus," and "Bérénice" when well read? What lesson on heroism is worth certain passages in the "Cid"? How better make understood the power of religious exaltation than by commenting on certain scenes in "Polyeucte"?

I perfectly agree with Mme. Camus, when she advises the changing of the course in ethics, useless according to her, in its present dogmatic form, into a sort of discussion, supplemented by lectures, in connection with which there should be neither notes, theses nor prizes.

Of course Mme. Camus, who is in that profession—of that shop as we say—sees a special practical advantage in the change, the gain of a certain number of hours which it would be easy to redistribute and employ to better advantage. I will not take up that side of the subject, but confine myself to this assertion, ethics cannot and ought not to form a topic of instruction. It is education itself.

Translated for The Living Age from the French of Francisque Sarcey.

From The Saturday Review.

THE LATEST ELDORADO.

Last winter a Dominion government surveyor reported the discovery of some very rich deposits on the Klondyke Creek. Being a man whose avocation enabled him to judge with accuracy while it compelled him to speak with caution, Mr. Ogilvie's statement attracted the respectful attention of his government. He entered into details—spoke of from ten to sixty dollars as a common yield from a pan of dirt, and added that the prospects were so rapidly increasing in richness and extent that it was "now certain that millions would be taken out of the district in the next few years." The news that has been cabled over from America during the past fortnight fully confirms his statement of fact and bids fair to confirm also his prognostication for the future. The Yukon Valley has for several years past been the hunting ground of stray prospectors—who have steadily grown in numbers—from the Pacific slope, and the annual increase in the total output of the Yukon placers, as distinct from the other gold-mining districts of Alaska, proves that some at least of these men must have met with considerable success. Hitherto, however, work has for the most part been confined to a relatively small area in the vicinity of Circle City, a camp on the American side of the boundary, where the deposits, though profitable to operate, do not appear to be phenomenally productive. But the discovery of the Klondyke deposits appears to have been due to a number of enterprising miners from California and Oregon who were attracted north last year, and who spread themselves round and experimented on the unworked creeks. They were probably unaware of the source of origin of the placers, but experience had taught them that if gold occurred in one locality in such a favorable region as the Yukon Valley, it was likely to occur in others. A more recent and more scientific examination has convinced Dr. Dawson, of the Dominion Geological Survey, that gold-bearing gravels are to be found in the bed of every stream, and that the total area of the auriferous re

gion in British territory alone is nearly two hundred and fifty thousand square miles. It might be well if those who will no doubt soon be asked to subscribe to companies having for their object the exploitation of gold properties in the district would wait for further developments before accepting these assertions too literally. But at least there is no doubt that gold occurs in the Yukon Valley in quantities considerable enough to appreciably increase the world's annual production; and it is a satisfaction to us to know that a fair proportion of it is found on British soil. Not the least gratifying feature is that the auriferous belt from which the placers of the river valleys have been derived has been located, and has been proved by recent geological survey expeditions to be very extensive. It runs through British and American territory for several hundred miles in a low range of mountains which are an extension of the Rockies; and the quartz gold is so plentiful on the upper slopes as to be visible in parts to the naked eye. The placers are the accumulated drift of ages, carried down by the streams which rise in this range and empty at various points into the Yukon. The placers will be worked first; and unless the experience of other gold-producing districts in other parts of the world be reversed, lode-mining along the Yukon will not be seriously attempted until the placers become thin. For the present, the latter are likely to tax all the energies brought to bear upon them.

The great obstacles to the development of the Yukon goldfields are their remoteness from the nearest point of civilization and the extreme severity of the climate. The initial difficulty is to get there. Going northward to Fort Cudahy, the prospector may with luck strike the Yukon in six weeks. If he should lose his way there is no refuge from starvation in the dreary wilderness. Should he go by way of the Yukon River and reach the mouth early in the summer after escaping the icebergs that come drifting down at that time of the year from the Arctic Ocean, he may sail on a stern-wheel vessel for the whole distance to Circle City, eighteen hundred miles from the coast. Or,

again, he can start from the town of Juneau, and go by way of the Chilkoot Pass and the long succession of lakes which ultimately flow into the Yukon not far from Forty-Mile Creek. All three routes are attended with danger. The more usual is the last, which, though certainly the most dangerous, is the shortest. You fit out at Juneau, go north by boat to Dyea, a hamlet at the head of the Chilkoot Sound, cross the Pass to Lake Linderman, where you purchase or build boats for the purpose of carrying you along the lakes and rivers that take you, after a journey of seven hundred and fifty miles or thereabouts, right into Forty-Mile, which is a day's sail by canoe from Klondyke. But the difficulties are not over with safe arrival at the mining grounds. The district is a bleak one: such warm season as there is endures for only three months; it is necessary to construct a hut, because no man could sleep in the open and survive; and, to crown all, provisions are reported to be at famine prices—meat, four dollars a pound; potatoes, twenty dollars a sack at the beginning and thirty-five to forty dollars at the end of the season; and so on. A notion of the extreme severity of the cold which prevails for something like nine months out of the twelve may be gathered when we say the ground is frozen so hard that a pick will not penetrate it any more easily than if it were block marble. Though in the brief summer it is partially thawed out, it is seldom possible without artificial means to work more than a foot or two of earth. Explosives were tried, but proved inefficacious; and down to 1895, ninety days' work at the sluices was an exceptionally good season. In that year two men on the Birch Creek diggings hit upon a simple expedient which rendered it unnecessary to loaf around the saloons of Forty-Mile and Circle City for three-fourths of the year. They kept fires burning constantly on their pay gravel. They lit a fire at night and in the morning there were a few inches of gravel soft enough to be worked. This was carried into their cabin and the fire lighted the next night. In this way they contrived to accumulate many tons of stuff which in the following

spring they worked. It had frozen again, but the particles had been separated, and the sun sufficed to thaw it out. This is the general practice to-day on all the Yukon diggings. It is a primitive plan, no doubt, and we have apparatus here that would render it quite unnecessary; but to have it here is not the same thing as having it at Klondyke, and it may be admitted that the device is the best that could be adopted with the limited resources at the disposal of the miners. When communications are improved, what is now a drawback will no doubt be laughed at. But those who are wise—supposing wisdom to be not altogether inconsistent with a gold rush—will wait until the road is rendered easier, and until there is a reasonable certainty of an adequate food supply, before trying their luck. It is almost too late, any way, for a prospecting party to reach the gold-fields this year, and if there is plenty of the metal there, it can well wait until next spring. Long before that time we shall have learned something definite as to this year's yield.

From The Spectator.
ANIMALS IN FAMINE.

The recent rains in India will bring relief to the famine-struck animals before they lighten the sufferings of their owners. The green-stuff will spring up and give food for the cattle long before the grain can ripen and provide a meal for the peasant. But the animals will have time to recover their strength and be ready to do their work in preparing the ground for the next crop, and the actual loss of life among the beasts of the field will be arrested. This is said to have been less than in many Indian famines affecting much smaller areas. The total failure of the grain crops was due to absence of rain at a definite point of time when it was necessary to its germination. But there has not been such a protracted and general drought as to bring on the whole animal population a famine in the form which causes most suffering to them.

In their wild state most animals live under the incubus of two sources of terror,—death by violence from their natural foe or foes, and death by famine. The greater number are never far removed from the latter possibility; it is the inevitable sequence of disablement, weakness, or old age, and if not cut off by pestilence, violence, or fatal accident, they have all to face this grim spectre in the closing scene. Yet in most cases dread of the latter is not present to their consciousness in the form of apprehension,—only as shadowed out by actual reminder caused by scarcity of food at a particular time, or a total failure, which drives them to wander. But the fear of the "natural enemy" is always vivid and oppressive, and alters the whole course of their everyday life. The deer on certain of the Highland mountains, exposed in any hard winter to almost inevitable famine, do not profit by experience of famine. Experience of danger from man makes them the most wary of animals; they sleep with waking senses, feed by night, are constantly under the influence of their besetting terror, and take every measure which experience suggests to guard against the enemy. Experience of famine leaves them no wiser than before. They do not abandon the spots in which they suffered in previous years until they actually feel the pinch of hunger, and they return to the same inhospitable ground when the scarcity has passed. Yet when confronted by the two terrors—hunger and man—they are simply insensible to the fear of the latter usually so dominant. Starvation looms larger than any terror from living foes, and they invade the rickyards, and almost enter the dwellings of their only hereditary enemy. The recent accounts of the behavior of four thousand starving elk in the northern territory of the United States correspond exactly with those of the Highland deer in the hard winter of 1893. They approach the buildings for food, and can hardly be driven from the stacks of hay. Yet only one herbivorous animal out of all the multitude of species has ever thought of making a store of hay against a time of famine, and this is one of the most insignificant of all, the pika, or calling

hare of the Russian steppes. There would be nothing very extraordinary in the fact if social animals, such as deer, cattle, or antelopes, did gather quantities of long herbage, like the tall grasses of Central Africa or of the Indian swamps, and accumulate it for the benefit of the herd, and combine to protect it from other herds, or if they reserved certain portions of the longer herbage for food in winter. The latter would perhaps demand a greater range of concepts than the former. But the brain-power of the improvident deer must be equal to that of the squirrel or field-mouse, which seldom forget to lay aside a "famine fund." In temperate climates, prolonged frost or snow is the only frequent cause of famine among either beasts or birds. This cause is not constant, season by season, but it occurs often enough in the lifetime of most individuals of the different species to impress their memory by suffering. In the plains of India, and even more regularly in the plains of Africa, the summer heats cause partial famine to all herbivorous animals, and this condition is recurring and constant. Brehm has described the cumulative suffering of the animal world, of the "African steppe," mainly from famine, at the close of this regular period of summer drought. We cannot suppose that in this case the terror of starvation is wholly forgotten in the brief time of plenty. The neglect to form any store, or to reserve pastures in climates sufficiently temperate to spare them from being burnt up with summer heat, suggests the question whether these "hand-to-mouth" herbivorous animals rely on any natural reserves of food not obvious to us. This is a natural device, just as the Kaffir, when his mealies fail, lives on roots and grubs, or the insect and vegetable eating rook becomes carnivorous in a drought. To some extent both deer and cattle do rely on such reserves. When the grass is burnt up, trees are still luxuriant, and it is to the woods that the ruminant animals look as a reserve in famine. The fact was recognized during the siege of Paris, when all the trees of the boulevards and the parks were felled late in September that the tens of thousands of cattle might browse on the

young shoots and leaves. It is this habit of hungry cattle which makes the space under all trees in parks of the same height,—that to which cattle can lift their heads to bite the branches. When the wood or forest has been enclosed previously, the whole of this stock of food, reaching down to the ground, instead of to the "cattle line," is at their service. In a paragraph quoted in the *Globe* of June 28th, from some remarks of Sir Dietrich Brandis, lately chief of the Forest Department of the Indian empire, special mention is made of the part played by this "reserve" in the economy of animal famines in India. During the years of drought and famine in 1867 and 1868, the cattle (of all the inhabitants) were allowed to graze in the Rajah's preserves at Rupnagar. The branches of the trees were cut for fodder. The same was done in Kishanagar, and a large proportion of the cattle of these two places were preserved during those terrible years.

But there are regions, like the African steppe, where the summer famines among animals are more frequent than in India, and where there is little forest available as a reserve store of food. Certain animals "trek" for great distances to escape from the famine area. Birds leave it entirely. But the greater number of the quadrupeds stay and take their chance, the stronger of hunger, the weak of famine and death.

If we examine the stores made by most of the vegetable-eating animals which do lay by a "famine fund," we find a rather curious similarity in the food commonly used by them. They nearly all live on vegetable substances in a concentrated form—natural food-lozenges, which are very easily stored away. There is a great difference, for example, between the bulk of nutriment eaten in the form of grass by a rabbit, and the same amount of sustenance in the "special preparation" in the kernel of a nut, or the stone of a peach, or the bulb of a crocus, off which a squirrel makes a meal. Nearly all the storing animals eat "concentrated food," whether it be beans and grain, hoarded by the hamster, or nuts and hard fruits, by the squirrel, nuthatch, and possibly some of the jays. But there is one vege-

table-eating animal whose food is neither concentrated nor easy to move. On the contrary, it is obtained with great labor in the first instance, and stored with no less toil after it is procured. The beaver lives during the winter on the bark of trees. As it is not safe, and often impossible, for the animal to leave the water when the ice has formed, it stores these branches under water, cutting them into lengths, dragging them below the surface, and fixing them down to the bottom with stones and mud. This is more difficult work than gathering hay.

Birds, in spite of their powers of locomotion, suffer greatly from famine. Many species which could leave the famine area seem either deficient in the instinct to move, or unwilling to do so. Rooks, for instance, which are now known to migrate across the Channel and the North Sea, will hang about the same parish in bad droughts and suffer acutely, though they might easily move to places where water, if not food, is abundant. The frost famines mainly affect the insect-eating birds; and as these live on animal food, which would not keep, they could not be expected to make a store. But there is no such difference of possible food between birds which do make stores and birds which do not. Why, for instance, should the nuthatch and the Mexican woodpecker lay by for hard times while the rook does not?

Domestic animals in this country are very properly guaranteed by recent leg-

islation against being left to starve by their owners. It is not often that the owner of any domesticated animal is so careless of his own interests as to do so when the creature is capable of work, or so inhuman if it is not. But instances do occur to the contrary. The law does recognize an implied right on the part of the animal to this exemption from the great curse of animal existence, if man has exacted from it a previous tribute in the form of work. But there is a borderland of animal domestication in which this implicit duty of man to beast is seriously neglected, partly because the work done by the animal is less obvious, though the animal is kept for the profit of man. There are great areas of new country in Argentina, the United States, and Australia where the raising of stock, whether sheep, cattle, or horses, is carried on without much regard to the limits set by famine in years of frost or drought. The creatures are multiplied without regard to famine periods, and no reserve of food is kept to meet these. Natural laws are left to work in bad times, and this "natural law" is death by famine. Consequently, at the present time we hear of multitudes of starving horses on the ranches of Oregon, and in Australia during a drought, or in Argentina after protracted drought or cold, sheep and cattle die by tens of thousands by the most lingering of deaths. There is something amiss here in the relations between man and beast which cannot be justified even on "business" grounds.

Letters Delayed by Bees.—An unusual sight was witnessed at Cranbrook, in Kent, the other afternoon. A swarm of bees settled on a pillar-box at Frizley, and soon afterwards a second swarm located themselves inside the box, the whole colony following the queen through the aperture provided for letters. Every preparation was made for the capture of the swarm upon the ar-

rival of the rural postman to clear the letters; but, owing to the awkward position of the winged visitors, it was found impossible to hive the bees until night, when they were smoked and safely housed. Owing to this unusual incident, the letters posted before the bees took possession of the pillar-box were delayed for several hours.—*St. James's Gazette.*

